Vol. IX. NOVEMBER, 1894. No. 11.

The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, PUBLISHER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

WESTERN OFFICE: ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

[*Entered at the Post-office at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.*]

THE UNITARIAN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Articles for publication, books intended for review, and all communications designed for the Editor should be sent to **Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.** Other matter—notes from the churches and items of religious news of every kind—should be addressed to the Associate Editor, **Rev. F. B. Mott, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1894. No. 11.

SYMPATHY WITH THE WORLD.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO, BY DAVID SWING, D.D.

"I have compassion on the multitude."—MARK viii. 3.

If you will look over the records of the past, you will perceive that once the world had not many individuals; but it had a few distinct persons, and the residue of the race was in mass,—in great wholesale packages. The children were owned by the father, the father was owned by the king. When in old Padan-aram the young man Jacob served seven years to purchase the girl Rachel, neither the toiling young man nor the girl was found to have any rights before the patriarchal throne, for the potentate calmly said that the younger daughter must not marry before the elder daughter; and Jacob at once entered upon another seven years of service, that he might yet have the Rachel of his choice. This one story illustrates the fact how for thousands of years the individuality of man and of woman ran very low, the majority having been completely owned in body and soul by the few. The few held power of life and death over wife and children, and over servants and slaves.

Up to our own times,—the times of America,—daughters having some education were sold as wives, virtually to the highest bidder. From such domestic customs, it was not difficult for the old Hebrew or the modern American to pass to the custom of stealing or buying and selling men called slaves. In a world where a man could buy a wife, and could whip her at discretion, it was but a step to the purchase of servants for the house or the field. Mankind was owned by a few, just as a few capitalists hold grain or land in bulk.

One of the blessed works of our century is the detaching of each individual from this bulk, and the building up in each soul of the idea of an important and responsible selfhood. New maxims have been evolved for the memory and use of all the young. Such aphorisms as "Every one is the builder of his own fortune," "To each one his own," "Every one for himself," "What is everybody's business is nobody's," all which teachings, enjoying now an unusual popularity, indicate how rapidly the human family is dividing up into separate persons. Even a child's life is sacred. This evolution of opinion has broken up the sale of negroes, and the sale of men for debt, and the sale of young women for wives, and in the civilized portions of the community the whipping of wives. As when the sun is up all the monsters of prey, the hyena, the tiger, and the wolf, skulk away to dark tangles and to caves in the desolate rocks that they may wait for darkness to return, so all these customs which once ruined the personality of men retreat as the sun of civilization rises, and now we find hidden away among Indian tribes rites and customs which once held Europe and the United States in their cruel fangs.

But all good has its offsets of evil. Our world is projected upon the plan of perpetual vigilance. Not only is perpetual vigilance the price of liberty, but it is the price of all else that possesses intrinsic worth; and to retain a blessing is a work only second in difficulty to the task of securing it in the first instance. Lay up stores of learning or skill, fill your mind with language, and history, and all knowledge, and, unless you continue studying and reviewing, all these acquisitions fade away like old dreams. By infinite practice teach your

fingers to make the delicate touches of the painter, and teach them the ten thousand combinations of the piano, and unless these arts are guarded with eternal vigilance they evaporate like dew-drops on hot June mornings. A distinguished clergyman, who preaches without notes, said recently that a two months' vacation ruins his power for a time, and that he stammers and hesitates two or three Sundays, while his art is coming back to his brain. To keep any skill pure and sweet is almost as difficult as to keep cut flowers from withering, but with at least this difference, that to hold an art or a virtue is possible.

In such a world this individualism is to be faithfully watched; for it will be found very capable of transition from a good to an evil. The price of this honorable and beautiful individualism is vigilance. What is the peculiar danger to be feared? Why, this individuality is only one remove from selfishness. In its legitimate confines it is a glory of man; but it passes out of these confines easily, and turns to selfishness and self-conceit. Fill me to overflowing with the notion that I am an individual, the only one of a form, that nature may produce something better or something worse, but will never duplicate the exact me, and sooner or later I shall wish to take all my meals alone, shall wish a street-car all to myself, shall get out when any other and of course dissimilar mortal may get in, and shall object to a city because it has in it somewhat of other people. In such an exaggeration of individuality those blessed words of Christ that he had compassion on the multitude, or love for them, will lose all their significance, and all our sunshine will fall only upon ourself.

How to be a perfectly free person without becoming a cold egotist is a practical question sprung upon us by our times. For, if our era is detaching the man from the crowd, that same isolation may change him into a pillar of salt. It becomes therefore a practical question how we may be our own selves and own masters without ceasing to be sympathetic men? It is not a question to be hastily solved, but it is one to lie in the mind for perpetual review. Let us always keep conscious of the fact that, although our epoch has brought out the long-buried gem of personality, and has polished it up to a great lustre, society is still a perpetual fact, and one of earth's best realities. Man is a social creature. Man is like the lot of rods which the old dying father in the fable called for in presence of his sons. With his trembling hands he took separate sticks, and easily broke them; but, placing them in a neat round bundle, he could not so much as bend them. The sons saw the lesson, and all through their lives remained bound in one group by a faithful friendship. Dear as this modern individualism is, there is a point where it makes society a number of separate rods, having no quality except that of solitude. But society is just as absolute a fact as is your personality, and it will destroy all who are its persistent enemies. There is a multitude swarming around each heart to be seen and conversed with, and loved, and, if need be, aided; and in one very important sense of the word there is no such thing as individualism. When what is called personal independence passes a certain boundary, it becomes only selfishness and vice. What began in liberty ends in egotism.

Even if the abolition of slavery and the gradual distribution of property and education have filled up some of the gulfs which once separated the rich from the poor, the educated from the untaught, and have thus made unnecessary some of the old tears of humanity, yet the lines have not all been erased, and there is a great crowd still that asks for the help and friendship of each great self-adequate soul. We cannot destroy that pathetic idea which Christ called the multitude. It will surge to and fro always. There will always be differences of talent and fortune; and, if political liberty and quality shall come to elevate the lower classes to the higher plane, the same powers will raise the upper classes in proportion, and, looking down, they will still see Christ's multitude at their feet. In his own unequalled wisdom he said, "The poor will ye always have with you."

It should not be any excuse for personal selfishness that the multitude is no longer whipped in the fields, that it is not as hungry or ragged as it once was, it is not as indolent as the Congo blackman nor Italian Lazzaroni; for to place a book in the hand of an industrious and well clothed poor boy is as divine an act as to give a yard of

muslin or a piece of bread to a naked African or a famished Indian. To shake hands on the street with a poor laborer who is attempting to do his duty is as rational and sacred a work as was pointing an old slave toward the north star in those by-gone years of our nation. To build a reading-room and picture gallery for industrious young men and women is as noble a work as is the sending of tracts and boxes of clothing to pagan lands. A rude, coarse charity will pull a man out of a fire or out of the water; but it is a finer article of charity that can mark the sorrows of people who are neither being burned up nor drowned, but who are nevertheless fighting a hard battle of life. A mind cast in the very coarsest mould can feel that the custom of widow-burning in India and infant slaughter along the Ganges should be terminated at once; but only minds that have thought deeply upon the problems of this world, and that have built up a delicate humaneness, can find the wrongs of man and woman in our own land that may be corrected, the tears of those not pagans that do flow and might be changed into smiles. It is the law of nature, therefore, that those reforms which lift up the humbler classes shall to the same ratio exalt the upper classes, and make them discover new deeds to be done in the very ground over which once before their kindness may have passed like a benediction. Not only has the beggar advanced from rags to decency, from ignorance to reading and writing, but you also have in the same time advanced; and to your enlarged vision some new form of mercy should be unveiling itself, When the Middle States were being settled, the new settler in the woods first asked in all his neighbors to help him roll his logs. They all came. But in two or three years he had emerged from poverty, and again his word went round to his neighbors that he would like to have them meet on a certain day and raise his barn. As years passed, the community assembled to raise the school-house, and still further along to found a library or a college. And thus a forest of dense timber turns into a city, each new era discovering a new need and joining hands to meet the new want. The world will never outlive this form of interdependence. The outward shape may be changed, but the essence of this social compact will never die until man dies from off this planet. It is thought by some scientists that the earth will after a long time become too cold to support animal life or to grow the food of animal life, and that the human race will gradually become extinct. But do you not perceive that even in such an ending he who may have the last loaf of bread of earth will divide it with his children or his friend, and that the human race which began in society will die in charity, with a bosom full of the welfare of others? The love of the multitude will be the last sentiment upon earth to die away.

That personality which leads one to feel that he has a world of his own, often, instead of becoming a power in the shape of striking originality, becomes a weakness in the shape of eccentricity. What might have become genius becomes oddity. After a time such a mind, without being aware of it, begins to find out what it likes by marking first what the public hates, and begins to find out its antipathies by noting what are the favorite things of the public. If most persons approve of a meeting-house as a place of worship, this mind will advocate worship alone, and under a tree. It will inquire about for some impossible creed or music or some impossible preacher, and will discourse about Sundays and churches as being things which the world may need, but for which he has no personal use, he being so peculiarly constituted in mind and soul. It will require great care and skill on the part of those who really possess much personality to avoid the mental descent to caprice or habitual antagonism. It probably injured Thomas Carlyle that he became unable to think as any one else thought. His general impulse was to oppose the crowd. To such a degree did he follow this passion that he attempted to make a language of his own. He did not approve of the world's prefixes that make the comparative and superlative degrees, and he set up a "beautifuler" and "beautifulest" as emblems of his contempt for the fashions of language. The probability is that all these conflicts between the one and the many will result in loss to the one. Time will call him an "eccentric man" who might have become a beloved leader of generations. It was an injury to Charles Sum-

ner that he rode so much alone in a carriage. All those feelings which made him an institution all by himself were a mistake in the soul. There were men worthy of going in that carriage. At times his own servant or an educated negro would have made good company. Had that coach rolled along thus occupied, its wheels would have carried the gifted orator to a sweeter immortality. The vehicle of rest and pleasure would have thus become a chariot of fame. But the world thus left out of the evening drive soon seeks revenge by omitting the offender from the catalogue of those it most loves.

It must be admitted that the chief end of each man is the development of himself. The old catechism is right when it declares that "the chief end of man is to glorify God," but it is wrong in its omission to state that man must honor God by the most perfect self-culture. God needs no personal praise. He needs no additional wealth or wisdom. He needs no human help. All that man can do is so to build up himself in mind and body and virtue that God will be honored in such a noble child. When we see the cannibal or the Indian, who has just dashed out the brains of a white child and is laughing at its mother's agony, we wonder why the Almighty created such forms of manhood. The depravity of the savage reflects back toward the Creator; but, when we pass into the library of a Bryant or a Whittier, and mark the culture and goodness of these men, or think of a Fénelon or a Newton or a Watt, we at once believe in God, and love him as the source of such an intellectual and moral world. These great ones are called "sons of God," there is such a resemblance between them and the heavenly Father. So far as our Christian fathers thought that God could be glorified by fasting and penances and dust and ashes, they came short in their measurings of the universe. What the Infinite needs is the infinite excellence of his children. It must be perfectly evident that the practical chief end of man is the development of himself in all directions. The greatness of society is only the greatness of its individuals. Hence, indeed, individualism is an immense end of all personal thought and toil. But does not such a conclusion contradict the lesson of the hour? Not by any means. Nature has again put a check upon egotism and personal isolation, for it has decreed that no individual can develop himself without going to the school of the multitude. He must, Christ-like, love the great army of mankind. A great man must be great in his sympathies. As though to stamp mere self-love with her disapproval, Nature has ordered that that human plant shall wither which remains in its own close room. As Nature has ordered plenty of moving air and flowing heat and light for her floral world, so for her children, whom she loves more than she loves her lilies, she has ordered the taking down of prison walls, and their forth-rushing into the general open fields, where all the winds of the human soul come and go, and where the light and shadow chase each other over the hills.

When the monks and the nuns began to withdraw from society, they equally withdrew from all great self-progress, and made their minds contract with their shrinking experience. No cloistered nun ever drew from her solitude such personal power as came to Madame Guyon, who flung her heart to the people; and all the women in all convents together would not equal intellectually the Madame de Staël, who kept always near the French and German cottage and palace. Napoleon feared no French or German recluse, male or female; but he did fear the mind of a woman who was equalling himself in the study of mankind. She had been in the cottage of the poor and in the salons of the great, and knew all the inmost sentiments that were flowing like an underground river across the continent. There is a couplet about as follows:—

"In cloistered state let narrow sages dwell,
Proud of a heart as narrow as their cell,"—

words reminding us of the intellectual ruin which set in in that day when men and women took upon themselves the vows of isolation and poverty. When any of these sent forth any literature, it was not really literature, the broad experience of man, but it was the wail of some failing brain, the scanty blossoms of a tree about to die. For the world's powerful thought you must look to those who lived near the people. Homer, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, and

Schiller, and most of the giants now living, all were strangers to that chilling quality called individualism. They did not plead the argument of the "me" and the "not me": they combined with the world like kindred drops of water, and wore upon their foreheads the old famous words: "I am human, and nothing that concerns man is foreign to my heart."

Thus, while the progress of self is the first end of each man, yet in the love and service of society man finds the highest things of self. Thus God has made his world a strange, self-acting, self-propelling machine. Self being the prime motive in a certain sense, this high interest can best help itself by helping others. For example, a Shakespeare is born into this life with a remarkable brain. How can he make the most of his precious gift? Shall he sit still, and rejoice in the possession of such a genius? Shall he declare himself an individual, and go and live alone? Shall he eat alone? Shall he say such creeds will do for the world, such things are well enough for mankind at large, but I am so different? All such questions are trampled to death like insects under his feet; and he draws near to the world, and hears all its wisdom and love and disappointment and laughter, and sets them to his scene and music. He makes the multitude live twice instead of hating it for living once. After it was dead and gone, he makes it come back, and repeat its joy and suffering. And not only is the world made rich thus, but the bard is made rich by the world. Thus is society a machine which winds up its own wheels forever.

Having seen now what a ruin for the individual is involved in a rigid convent life, and what a glory comes from the air and light of the streets, it will appear at once that the old monastic evil did not die when the literal walls were torn down; but in a changed form it remains, and we have the monks and nuns of egotism to take the place of those better ones of religion. There are cities which are said to be ruined intellectually and morally because each educated and rich citizen is an individual rather than a member of society. His home is his monastery, and in his dining-room ring his monastery bells. These persons have called in all that outstanding sympathy which in life's young dream they must have placed somewhere outside, and all that remains to them of the world can be gotten into the family carriage on a fair day. Froude makes great sport of Cicero because he ridiculed so much the fish-ponds and bird-coops of the Roman senators; but the facts were so grave that the Roman patriot could not have lamented them too bitterly, for those fish-ponds and gluttonous feasts showed plainly that the great men of the republic were all passing away, and men were coming along who had no sympathy with the multitude, but whose hearts were empty of all the sublime ends and rewards of life. It matters not whether this isolation from the multitude takes the shape of the sackcloth and ashes of the monk or the daily gluttony of an old Roman: it leads to the same overthrow of man in his person and in his social compact. The figure which Christ used in the illustration of his religion holds true all through the vast field of the human race: that each one is the leaf of a vine, and a vigorous, beautiful leaf it is while it remains attached to the central stalk. This mother stalk, passing down into the deep soil, brings forth rich juices for every remote twig and tendril and leaf, and, while this bond of friendship remains, the leaf laughs in the breeze and sunlight; but let this bond be broken, and it fades and withers and flutters to the ground. Thus, he says, a Christian must remain in his God. The lesson expands, and passes out of religion, and tells us that man cannot detach himself from the great body of this human vine without becoming soon a mere autumn leaf, full of colors for a day, but also full of death, bearing in all its tracery the mournful words that the summer of duty and hope is past.

Many who are not moved by the multitude confess in private that once they loved the world and attempted to serve it, but that they have given up this care, not from personal egotism, but from despair. They declare time and money thus applied to be only as poured out water upon a flinty rock. No plants will grow, water the rock as you may. No despair can be more causeless; for, if there be one thing which society does treasure up, it is all the good which its friends give it when living or will it when

dead. The intellectual grandeur of to-day is the treasured up thought of all the past. The poems of Horace and the hymns of Isaac Watts, the preaching of Paul and Wesley, and of all between, meet in one result. Our liberty is the result of all tears and battles. All we have came from the hands of all. Nothing is doubtful, except whether you or I shall see the good we may help to accomplish. If we insist upon thus seeing results, we may well carry heavy hearts; for, when we plant a tree, there is no one to assure us that we shall see it in future years laden with rich fruit. It may be its autumn harvest will drop upon our grave. But, aside from this sad questioning, nothing is more real and assured in our world than that all the love and care poured out upon the multitude by each one will become a part of the future riches of earth, —a poured out perfume that will fill forever the majestic temple of man.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE, HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

It is in no temper of narrowness or exclusion that we have gathered from all parts of the country and from across the sea, in obedience to a summons addressed to us by the honored and beloved name of Unitarians. We claim no separate property in the peace of God which passeth understanding, or in the love of God which abideth forever. Above all, we claim no separate property in the rule of faith and practice delivered upon the Judæan mountain, or in the memory of that divine life which was its perfect example. We should as soon claim property in the sunlight or in the morning. These gifts, coming to us from that infinite Father of whom all mankind are children, are themselves the offspring of a love from which none of his children can ever be shut out. They are "too high-born to be propertied."

But of the instrumentalities by which God builds his government on earth, and by which he effects the moral training of mankind, among the chiefest is that of organization. The child, in his earliest games, is taught to take a side, in which he sinks his personality. In that way he forgets to say "mine," and learns to say "ours." He finds the highest stimulant to exertion, even in the play of childhood, in seeking, of his own free will, an interest other than his own, and in obeying, of his own free will, a law higher than his own desire. So awakes in him what has been well called "the celestial sense, which is the sense of duty."

A little later, and he learns to love the town where he was born. He transfers to it something of the affection which belongs to his parents. He delights in its citizenship. He takes an individual pride in its history. I suppose there are men and women in this company—at any rate, I know one—whose blood would fly to their cheeks at the charge that some little town in New England had done an act of dishonor a hundred years ago, as if the imputation were upon one of their own kindred to-day.

Then there wakes in the soul that highest and purest of human affections,—love of country. This emotion, stronger than institutions, stronger than constitutions, is the master passion of the loftiest natures. At its bidding young men and old men give their lives, mothers their sons, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers. The man who is without it, or who thinks himself above it, is a poor and useless creature. Whatever dreamers may affirm, whenever it is lacking, the man is weakened and spoiled, and becomes worthless to his own country and to mankind. It is like the law of gravitation to the universe. It is above, around, and beneath everything we value most. It has been our safety from the beginning. It has overcome for us the greatest rebellion since Satan marshalled against the Almighty the third part of heaven's hosts. It will overcome for us the spirit of anarchy, which, it may be, is yet to be more dangerous still. I believe that wherever these sentiments are found strongest in the narrower relations they will be found strongest also in those that are larger. Wherever the national spirit is most vigorous, there the State and local forces will exist in fullest life. The sentiment of patriotism will be found strongest in happy homes, where family love abounds. The man who loves his household and his kindred and his town and his State best will love his country best.

I have uttered these commonplaces—and the more they seem to you to be commonplaces, the better they are for my purpose—that I may impress upon you the importance of the chief object which has brought us together,—the inspiring of new strength, activity, and zeal into the great work of the Unitarian denomination, and the importance of that organization as to which, I fear, there is far too much indifference,—the Christian parish. This does not contemplate in the least any antagonism to other religious bodies, but rather increased harmony, good will, co-operation. Family life is not a quarrel with the next household. Town life is not a feud with the next town. State life is not a wrangle with a neighboring State. National life and love and pride do not mean war with the rest of mankind. The contrary of all this is true. Peace, good will, brotherly kindness, charity with all men, the exchange of all good and kind offices, are but the natural offspring of our love of these objects which God has created, that by them the sentiment of love may be inspired and have its vigorous growth. So the warmer our love for our own organization, and the more earnest our devotion to our own work, the friendlier our relation to other religious bodies, and the dearer our fellowship to the Church universal.

We may well take lessons from other in Christian denominations. If we do not imitate them and emulate them, we shall fall behind them. The country owes an incalculable debt to the brave pioneers whom the Methodist Church has sent into the wilderness in advance of the settlers. It owes an incalculable debt to our brethren who fancy they still believe in the five points of Calvinism, whose instinct for the building of republican States in Christian liberty and law is as sure as that of the bee in building her cell or the eagle his nest. We may well contemplate with admiration our brethren who utter their worship with the solemn voice and stately ceremonial of the English Church, in this day of the revival of her spiritual life, who have learned so well to create and bring to the aid of religion all the inspirations of music, of architecture, and of art. Can we not work together in our freedom as they do in their discipline? Have we not the inspiration of the lives of saints and the thoughts of sages and the songs of poets, as well as they? Are not the Scriptures and the prophets and the apostles and the martyrs ours, as they are theirs? Have we not a history and traditions and memories which may excite us to a common activity in Christian work? Is there not hung in our halls also armory of the invincible knights of old?

It is not yet a century since the name "Unitarian" was first borne by an American church. The word is not found in the first edition of Johnson's Dictionary. We have never been strong in mere numbers. Yet how have the men and women to whom, whether in honor or in reproach, it has been applied mingled with the best life in a thousand communities! What poets, what prophets, what inspired orators, what sages, what counsellors, what grave and reverend men in chair of State, in legislative chambers, on judges' bench, in college halls, what fathers and mothers and daughters in Israel, what martyrs and reformers, what benefactors, what soldiers who gave their young lives for their country, or came home from battle victors, living and laurel-crowned! As their figures rise to your imagination in many a city and town and hamlet,—

> "The passing of their beautiful feet
> Gladdens the pavement of the street."

We do not esteem the parish as we ought. We go from one to another too easily, according to our caprice or convenience, or as we like or dislike a particular clergyman. We need the disposition of John A. Andrew, who told Dr. Clarke's church in its earlier days that, "whoever was a come-outer, he was a stay-inner."

The responsibility for accomplishing the ends that a parish is made for rests upon the parish even more than upon the minister, and rests upon every member of the parish to the reasonable extent of his power. The office and function of the minister is to teach, stimulate, and impel the parish to do and be what it is made for, and the members of the parish to do and be what they were made for; and then it is the business of the parish and of the members of the parish to do it. Our function as parishioners is not to put burdens upon the

back of the minister, but rather to take them off.

The parish has many advantages which ought to place it among the very highest and best of organizations to stimulate a generous activity for public ends, and also to inspire a genuine affection for zeal. It is that one of our republican institutions which cuts down through all social distinctions, and harmonizes all political differences, and summons men and women to work together, and to know, esteem, and help each other, from every calling and position in life. It ought to be a leveller, but to a level upon a high table-land. It ought to be, and it largely is, the most republican institution in our republic, the most democratic institution in our democracy.

I strolled one Sunday afternoon two years ago into the little parish church of Chesterle Street, seven miles from Durham, in England. Against the walls were the tombs of some of the neighboring families, with their effigies of crusaders and of men who had helped to wring Magna Charta from King John. In a porch there was a notice board, like those which are familiar to us; and among various notices of meetings of ladies' societies and other charities was this one: —

"The one thousand and ninth anniversary of its foundation will be celebrated in this church next Tuesday evening. There will be an address by the rector, and music by the united choirs from three neighboring parishes." Nothing very remarkable. It was the one thousand and ninth anniversary,— that was all. Next year, and it would be the one thousand and tenth.

We have a few parishes in America with whose early traditions are blended the memories of souls as knightly and devoted as ever wore the red cross of the crusader upon their breasts. Our fathers cared little for the attraction of art, which the Anglican Church, both in its Catholic and its Protestant days, has so well understood. As Emerson said, "The light struggled in through windows of oiled paper, but they read the word of God by it."

But this New England parish, as it was established at Plymouth and Boston and Salem and Concord, is now one of the oldest institutions among men. The map of Europe has changed and changed, and changed again. As I have said elsewhere, four dynasties have sat in succession on the throne of Great Britain. England has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, conquered Canada, subdued two hundred and fifty million Asiatics; France has been twice a republic and twice a monarchy, and now is a republic for the third time; Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed; the star of Poland has disappeared from the sky; Italy has thrown off the iron heel of her tyrants from her neck; Germany has built up her mighty empire from sixty petty States; and during all this time this mechanism, which sprung up of itself in the forest, abides. Under it the people have chosen their religious teachers without control; and the worship of pure hearts, uttered by free lips, has risen from their simple altars to the imperishable heavens.

But while we support and stand by this great organization of our denomination, and while we demand of our brethren and sisters their most zealous and devoted service in the work of the Unitarian parish, let us remember that these are instrumentalities for teaching and promoting chiefly the things in which we agree with devout men and women of the faith everywhere, and not those things in which we differ from them. The Sermon on the Mount, the two sublime commandments upon which hang all the law and prophets, the entire precept and example of Jesus Christ, constitute to our minds the chief portion and essence of Unitarianism, as they constitute, I believe, to the Methodist, to the Calvinist, to the Episcopalian, the chief and essential part of Methodism or of Calvinism or of Episcopacy. We have a statement of faith, a liturgy, a priesthood, and a scheme of salvation. And, if we maintain that either of these is not assented to in principle and substance by the great body of worshippers of other denominations, we are so far making the very serious admission that it is not supported by what, to many thoughtful minds, is the strongest single argument for immortality itself; namely, that it has its support in the consent of all devout souls, and in the instinct of universal humanity.

I do not look for the coming of the time

when what are called sects or denominations will disappear. Still less is the time to be expected or to be desired when the emulation which comes from separate organization will cease to be one of the most powerful forces in Christian activity. In the time of the apostles they began to say, "I am of Paul" and "I am of Apollos"; and, with a change of name, they have been saying it ever since. The seven churches to whom the angel of Patmos sent his messages had acquired, within the time of a life which began as early as the life of the Saviour himself, a separate, individual, human character and quality, each as distinct from that of the other as that of Hamlet is from that of Othello. These distinctions, these organizations, these rivalries and emulations, these strifes, are to continue until the end of time. From them, as from all things human, will come much evil, but mingled with and, as I believe, in the end to be subdued and overcome by a far larger good. But we are here to assert our property as brethren and as Christians in whatever any of them has that is excellent in its history, in its achievements, in its literature, or in its examples of brave and holy men or women. Although a dweller in Massachusetts, I claim property as an American and a countryman in Starr King of California, as I do in George Washington of Virginia. If I were a Presbyterian, I would claim a like property, as a Christian, in Starr King, the Unitarian, as in George Washington, the Episcopalian. No Athanasian creed can shut out my soul from the soul of George Herbert. No church politics can make my senses numb to the fragrance of that wreath of lilies, "The Christian Year" of John Keble. When Archbishop Ireland, then bishop of Minnesota, announced that, of the liquor-sellers in his diocese, less than five per cent. were of the Catholic faith, I wished to pay my profound homage to the man who had brought this to pass. I felt that his Christianity and that of my revered and beloved master, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, were, in essentials, very much the same. When somebody told Abraham Lincoln, during the war, that Gen. Grant drank whiskey, he said he should like to send a barrel of the same kind to each of the other generals. I should like to send a barrel of Archbishop Ireland's theology to the other bishops. When the same man uttered in Washington, two or three years ago, his brave rebuke to the men who despoil our Southern fellow-citizens of the glory of their American citizenship, I felt I should like to send some of our Protestant clergy to his Sunday-school. If the dear theologians have said anything unkind of us, let us hope they will think better of it when we meet them hereafter, where they will know even as also they are known. As Beatrice said to Dante of Saint Gregory,—

"Wherefore, as soon as he unclosed his eyes
Within this heaven, he at himself did smile."

The Christian Church, like almost everything else in this world, I believe, has been often compared to a ship. But I think, perhaps, we might compare it more aptly to a fleet, made up of ships of different build and speed, but bound on the same voyage, having the same sailing orders, and obeying alike the signals of the same admiral. Each sailor loves his own, and thinks her the finest craft afloat. Not a man in any one of them recognizes the least authority in the officers of another. There is much rivalry and emulation. In a storm you can hear from one to another the voices of the captains and the shouting. If there be danger of collision, you get occasionally a stern order to keep off, perhaps accompanied with some theological language used in a very untheological way. But every man is ready to obey the admiral's signal, whether it be Nelson or Farragut. In time of danger each is ready to go to the rescue of the other. In time of calm they interchange a thousand good offices. When the weather is good and the sea is quiet, they like to visit each other. You can sometimes hear, of a Sunday, from ship to ship, the chaplain's prayer or the chant of a solemn service, or, of a week-day, the sailors singing at the windlass. Each ship has its own songs. From one rise the sweet strains of Wesley, from another the pious refrain of Doddridge or the lofty organ-tone of Watts. From our own ship goes up the watchman's voice of good cheer as he answers what of the night, or the heart-stirring chorus,—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

From the oldest and largest of them all come the accents of foreign tongues and of dead languages and of ages long gone by.

There is another craft whose beautiful lines and graceful curves are the admiration of the whole fleet. Her officers are not always over-eager to invite us to their company; but yet let us say, with Andrew Marvell,

"Still sing they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note."

We share, also, with Christians everywhere the supreme certainty that the Power which has established this fabric of things is conscious and is beneficent. Upon this foundation, in all ages, has rested the hope from which cometh to man and nations every gift of noblest origin, —the hope of immortality. In virtue of this faith we claim our place in the ranks of those who, by whatever name they call themselves, are striving to bring in the kingdom of God, and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CONFERENCE.

The report of the Council of the National Conference made through its chairman, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., closed with the following recommendations to the churches and local conferences within its boundaries:—

Looking forward, and suggesting new efforts which may give solidity and dignity to our work:—

1. The Council ventures to suggest that any local conference or missionary superintendent who can arrange in good working order a plan by which conscientious men or women may join the Unitarian Church of America, though they have no local Unitarian congregation near them, will render to our church a very essential and important service.

2. That the directors of the local conferences are entreated to see that every conference meeting has some definite Christian work in hand, so that each meeting may definitely tend to bringing in the kingdom of God.

3. That first in such efforts, as it has been since the Saviour established the First Congregational Church of Sychar, is the establishment of churches or congregations —the two words are identical—of people, few or many, who are willing to work together for the coming of the kingdom.

4. To speak in detail of agencies which must be encouraged, the various societies and churches whom it is our privilege to advise are begged to give strength and permanency to the religious journal founded by this Conference three years ago, regarding which a special report will be presented to you.

5. That the churches owe it to the honored name they bear that, so long as the Unitarian Association is the trusted executive of the Unitarian Church of America, it should be liberally supplied with funds. This nation is four times as rich as it was in 1865, when this Conference was formed. Its population is twice what it was then. The growth in physical wealth ought to be accompanied by an equal increase in moral endeavor.

Lastly, we affectionately remind our brethren of other religious communions that for centuries after Jesus Christ established his Church each congregation of Christians was independent of every other; that, in all that he said and in all that his apostles said, it was supposed that every Christian man and woman was to work for the enlargement of the kingdom of God; that, whenever this duty has been specially delegated to a priesthood or other religious aristocracy, disaster and defeat to the Church of Christ have followed. It is the duty of the Church now, as much as it ever was, to forget the things which are behind, while it stretches forward to the realities which are before. And every man in it is bound, as he always was, not to seek first his own salvation, but to seek first the kingdom of God.

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it. *S. R. Calthrop.*

HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

In his report as chairman of the Council Dr. Edward Everett Hale said:—

"The president of the Conference, Hon. George William Curtis, died on the 31st of August, 1892, within a year after his election. The great loss to the nation and the world has been publicly expressed in a thousand ways, by poets, preachers, and statesmen, and is still freshly felt. Mr. Curtis, in ways unusual even in our Congregational churches, had shown how direct is the service which a layman may render to the work of the church. For many and long periods, when the Church of the Redeemer at Staten Island was without any other minister, he personally conducted its Sunday services. As early as the first meeting of this Conference he represented that church in this body. And since 1890 he has been vice-president or president. In 1878 he read here an important paper on civil service reform; and any one of our publishing boards would do well to reproduce this paper, as a contribution to the advance of pure and undefiled religion. The impressive address with which he opened our meeting here only three years since is to-day fresh in the memory of all who heard it. The Council will offer, at a proper time, a minute to be preserved on our records, in recognition of the inestimable service which he has rendered to the Unitarian Church of America.

"It is the duty of the Council to fill such vacancies, and Hon. George Frisbie Hoar was chosen president in his place.

"The presidents of the National Conference since its formation in 1865 have been: John Albion Andrew, Thomas Dawes Eliot, E. Rockwood Hoar, John D. Long, Samuel Freeman Miller, George William Curtis, and George Frisbie Hoar."

The following resolutions regarding Mr. Curtis were unanimously adopted by the Conference by a rising vote:—

Whereas George William Curtis, elected president of our Conference at its last meeting, died at Staten Island, N.Y., Aug. 31, 1892,—

Resolved, That we, as members of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, deplore the loss of one whose character and life were precious and inspiring, not only to the Unitarian body, but to the whole American people and to men of noble thought and purpose in all civilized communities.

Resolved, That we recall with admiration the service which he rendered to our Conference and our body on various occasions by his eloquent expression of the spirit and the temper, the motives, and the inspirations of the liberal faith; and that we remember gratefully his habitual testimony to the sufficiency of those principles and those ideals which have animated the acknowledged leaders of our Unitarian thought and life.

Resolved, That we are glad together, and with all who love the literature that makes for gentleness and kindliness and simplicity, and truth and honor among men, that our American literature found in him one who was always faithful in his service of these good and perfect things, and that in his various books and writings we have a fountain of the purest pleasure, always fresh and clean.

Resolved, That in his conduct of a great public journal we see high advanced the standard of what political journalism ought to be, to shame our baser dispositions, and to show forth those principles and duties that are inseparable from the true progress of the American people, which no material success can measure, but only its devotion to the ideal ends of personal and social righteousness.

Resolved, That we applaud the noble service that he rendered to the anti-slavery cause in the bright ardor of his early manhood, nor less his stern indictment of the spoils system in our politics in his maturer years, and his splendid advocacy of a rational and equitable method of civil service reform, pledging ourselves to follow where for twenty years he led the way.

Resolved, That nothing is more pleasant in our recollection of this great and honored friend than those personal qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to all who knew him, and made the beauty of his daily life a more persuasive invitation to all goodness and sincerity than he could utter with the magic of his voice or pen.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONFERENCE.

The following significant resolutions were adopted, among others, by the recent Conference at Saratoga: —

THE "NEW WORLD."

The National Conference hereby declares its great satisfaction with the honorable record made since its last meeting by the *New World Quarterly*, and repeats its rec-

ommendation made three years ago, that this review should be substantially endowed. We approve the plan of raising an endowment of $50,000, which shall be placed in the hands of the American Unitarian Association as a trust fund, the income only to be paid over annually to the editorial board. A committee on the endowment and current support of the *New World* shall be appointed by the chairman of the Conference to invite subscriptions, under such conditions as shall insure the continuance of the *New World* as an unsectarian liberal review. In case of its discontinuance or of the failure of the editorial board to comply with these conditions, the endowment fund shall revert to the American Unitarian Association as a publication fund, unless the donors otherwise direct.

THE PRACTICE OF LYNCHING.

Resolved, That this Conference condemns without qualification the barbarous practice of lynching which exists in various parts of the United States. Vindictive passion displaces the authority of law, and persons unconvicted of crime are murdered by mobs. The willing failure of public officers to protect the accused is an abdication of their sworn functions, and the neglect of citizens to support their own officers is so far an abandonment of popular government. In the name alike of religion, humanity, and civilization we call upon the pulpit, the press, and all friends of order and justice to unite in rectifying public opinion and in strengthening the moral sense of the people, so that this blot may be removed from the fair name of our country.

INDIAN EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

Whereas the United States government has failed to furnish adequate education for all the Indian children who are still its wards, and has left much of this work to be done by religious and benevolent organizations;

And whereas the American Unitarian Association has established in the Crow Indian Agency a non-sectarian Indian school, and has received partial support for this school from the government;

And whereas the bestowment of government funds for the support of enterprises conducted by religious bodies is opposed to the spirit of our institutions,—

Therefore, *Resolved*, That the directors of the American Unitarian Association are requested to consider the advisability of surrendering all government aid for this school as soon as the arrangement can be conveniently made.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Unitarians who have founded this school to maintain it, and see that its support is not imperilled by the withdrawal of any government funds.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Conference that the United States government should provide industrial and common-school education for the ten thousand Indian children not enrolled in any schools.

THE "MAYFLOWER" CHURCH.

The old historic church of the Pilgrims in Plymouth, Mass., is making an effort to erect a memorial church edifice. The matter came before the Saratoga Conference, and awakened much popular interest. We give below the resolutions that were passed:

Resolved, That this Conference, recognizing the historic interest and importance of the First Church in Plymouth, cordially commends the effort to build a new church in place of the one recently destroyed by fire, which shall stand as an enduring memorial of the Pilgrim life and spirit, and to that end asks of its members and their churches their active support and co-operation.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the president of the Conference to assist the church in securing the funds necessary for this purpose.

ADDRESS TO THE CHURCHES FROM THE NEW COUNCIL.

To the Unitarian Churches of America, Greeting: —

By a law of the Conference it is made the duty of the Council to issue at this time an address, with a request that it be read in the churches.

After the memorable meeting at Saratoga this duty would naturally have been undertaken with alacrity; but the general rejoicing over the successful issue of that meeting has been followed by an equally general grief for the loss of Dr. Reynolds. Our brave, wise, and indefatigable executive officer has fallen in the hour of victory. Almost his last conscious act was the sending of a message to the writer of this address, asking him to write an appeal to the churches, and sign it with his name. That office of friendship is no longer possible. All the more it becomes the duty of the Council to remind the churches of our common cause for rejoicing over the magnificent Conference at Saratoga. More than two thousand Unitarians assembled there, under circumstances so adverse and with such interruptions that failure was pre-

dicted. But a new spirit was abroad. At every session the interest deepened, and the numbers increased. The Women's Alliance showed results of which we may justly be proud. Meetings for temperance, missionary work, of the younger ministers, regular sessions for business, and extra meetings of many kinds were thronged with eager listeners. At a meeting of the alumni of the Meadville Theological School a gift was reported from Mrs. C. B. Hackley of Tarrytown, N.Y., of fifty thousand dollars to found a professorship in memory of her husband. Resolutions were passed denouncing the resort to lynch law in any part of our country. An appeal was received from the First Parish of Plymouth, Mass., for twenty-five thousand dollars to be used in rebuilding the church destroyed by fire. The raising of the money was referred to a committee, consisting of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Hon. John D. Long, and Hon. Winslow Warren. The plan of raising an endowment trust fund of fifty thousand dollars for the support of the *New World* was approved, and a committee is to be named. Resolutions were passed recognizing the brilliant service of Dr. E. E. Hale during all the years of the Conference, and assuring him of our affectionate regard.

But by far the most important act of the Conference was the adoption of the new constitution. After twenty-nine years, during which there had been controversy concerning the terms of our fellowship, with repeated effort and repeated failure to state our common purpose in terms that all could accept, we were forced by the vote of the last Conference to make another trial. A new constitution was offered, of which the following is the

PREAMBLE.

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and polity. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

This is the one hundredth year since Dr. Priestley, after suffering the violence of a mob in England, sought shelter in America, where he found Unitarianism just beginning to show itself. During the century since the problem has been to state our Christian purpose in the terms of universal liberty, to affirm what no Christian could deny, and to make our affirmation a burden to no man's conscience. If we have not yet attained to this high calling, we have certainly witnessed an event unparalleled in our history,—the passage of a declaration of our spirit and purpose with tumultuous cheers, followed by profound silence, broken by not one dissenting voice. We have now a right, and it is our duty, to appeal to all who love God and their fellow-men to join with us in "more and better work for the kingdom of God." We stand at last all together before the world, with nothing to apologize for and nothing to explain. The Trinitarian who loves God and his fellowmen, and who loves liberty more than creed, is not barred out. Men of every creed who are in general sympathy with our spirit and practical aims are invited to our work and fellowship. We accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man; and we are summoned to go forward in the name of God and humanity. In answer to the summons our churches and conferences should now arise, and show their might in work for the common cause. It causes us grief to remember that the happy consummation for which our secretary, Dr. Reynolds, had bravely and patiently toiled, came too late to cheer him in his last hours. We can pay no tribute to his memory which would have been more pleasing to him than to take up with enthusiasm and carry on with energy the great work to which without reserve he devoted his life.

With the approval of the Council,

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Chairman.

G. S. Hale, Fanny B. Ames, George W. Stone, F. L. Hosmer, M. T. Lewis Gannett, John Cuckson, William Howell Reed, Samuel M. Crothers, D. W. Morehouse, M. J. Savage, George E. Adams.

TRANSFORMED.

So unto sorrow are we bound and wed,
The slightest transmutation brings a dread
Lest sable pall should change to purple fold,
Or silver gray with gleams of palest gold.
To the dear pulseless heart it seems a slight
To lose one poignant pang from Love's despite,
Or note the midnight change to livid hue,
That after hours may pulse in depths of blue.
For we would lie still wrapped within thy shroud,
Still covered with our sorrow's inky cloud,
Still hide within the tomb where thou wert laid,
Of consolation and of hope afraid.
But, oh, short sighted is the soul of pain,
And blind to permanence and deathless gain,
To drop our tears on "Finis" of a phase,
While thou art plumed anew with glory rays,
And, like a bird, dost wing thy happy flight
Beyond our murky day, our feeble sight.
Let us rejoice as Aaron in his rod;
Thy bliss is bound about the feet of God.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S CREED OF LIFE.

Sad, indeed, it is to see the "old forsaken bough" of America's classic tree of poetic genius denuded now of "The Last Leaf." But we are comforted that the leaves have only fallen to nurture the roots of perennial song and beauty in celestial gardens.

The "Autocrat" was the gentlest man of opinion among us, the "Professor" the wisest and wittiest in our literature, and, as for the "Poet," he was as devout and clear-eyed a seer of divine things as he was lover of his class and after-dinner merry-maker.

How pleasant it has been to think of him all along as looking out of the storm-worn and creaky windows of old age with a still genial heart, and so beloved by all the English-speaking world! How precious was his personality, the peer and companion of our greatest poets, and almost the only man of letters who could tell our little children, had he chosen to do so, just how they all looked and loved and worked far back, when they were all here together in the land of living men!

Dr. Holmes was the creator of a literature as unique as that of Lamb and Goldsmith, with whom he is often compared. But he was a great deal more than essayist and poet. He was a philosopher. The wisdom of old Ben Franklin comes cropping out at every turn of the conversation at the Breakfast Table, only it is expounded with the most delicious tact of a literary man of the most exquisite grace of expression. A philosopher, indeed, who brushes away the fine spinnings of theorists and phrase-makers with a twinkle in his eye, and in a wittily chosen word gives you the gist of the matter. That is one thing that has made him so universally admired. He is a truth-teller as to things all men are thinking and talking of, but always with such charity, with the keenest devices of argument, and with the utmost playfulness of a fraternal heart. At the Unitarian Club dinner Dr. Hale reminded us that Holmes never goes into an extended discussion of anything but what he introduces religion and theology. You will always find it so. He is sure to drift into it.

Any one who used to sit down at the *Atlantic Monthly* Breakfast Table will remember how the discussion went on between him and the callow divinity student, who had been pretty thoroughly instructed after the old-school doctrines. But I think the sympathy of all the boarders who listened to it and of all to whom it has been since repeated was with the liberal-minded "Professor," as not only having the best of the argument, but the right of the case.

Philosopher and theologian, but a natural theologian, with no sort of interest in professional theologians. To professional theology he gave a wide berth. I can imagine no sort of sermon under which he would more conscientiously avail himself of the opportunity of taking a nap than a polemical drizzle from an intellect surcharged with the necessity of defending a dogma. Dr. Holmes lived to great age, and his memory went back to the Calvinism that was rife in his childhood. When he talked of religion, it was very apt to come up before his mind; and he loved nothing better than to indulge his humor over its fallacies. He had no sympathy with it. He was a poet; and, as Dr. Hale said, furthermore "you cannot have a poet who is tied to the traditions of the past, who is looking backward, and not forward, trying to hold the world back, as is the necessity of the creed-bound churches."

Calvin and Edwards have been—and are still, to greater extent than we are aware, perhaps—corner-stones of theology for a

great many people yet in America. The grim monsters hatched under their speculation that have so long terrified Christian mothers and little children the poet could not endure. It was a settled determination with him to use every possible charm of wit and fancy to dislodge them and get rid of them. And I suspect, if the truth were known, we are more indebted to the conversations at the Breakfast Table for the broadcasting of a liberal theology than we are to the classic discourses of Dr. Channing. A good preacher Dr. Holmes always is also, and a good preacher for us preachers to pattern after; for he never "bores," as he says he has seen "a clergyman with a one-story intellect and a one-horse vocabulary who consumed his valuable time (and mine) freely in an opinion of a brother minister's discourse." If there was another thing besides Calvinism that he wittily deplored, it was the miserable altercations between Christian churches over tweedledees and tweedledums of doctrine and rite.

"From my lone turret as I look around
O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,
From slope, from summit, and from half-hid vale
The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed spires,
Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,
Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the world,
'Here truth is sold, the only genuine ware;
See that it has our trade-mark! You will buy
Poison instead of food across the way,
The lies of—" this or that, each several name.
Whom shall we serve?
The jealous God of Moses, one who feels
An image as an insult, and is wroth
With him who made it and his child unborn?
Is this the God ye mean, or is it he
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart
Is as the pitying Father's to his child,
Whose lesson to his children is, 'Forgive,'
Whose plea for all, 'They know not what they do'?"

A good preacher and a good physician to Christians of every name. If ever any have been afflicted with what Emerson calls the "soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs,—namely, mental anxieties over, for instance, original sin, or predestination, or the state of the damned, or any similar theological disease contracted from the mediæval church,—he has been to them the most skilful of physicians. In his literary saddle-bags he carries plenty of little pills of corrective satire, sugar-coated with laughter enough to drive out all the wretched humors of an unnecessarily concerned conscience, phials of aromatic tonic to brace up morbid and melancholic Christians, and all sorts of happy suggestions for exorcising the demons of bigotry and intolerance.

Charity,—that is the one uppermost message of Holmes's heart whenever he falls upon theology. That sentiment is diffused all through his writings. And you are sure how much he has done, though indirectly, to shame Christians of the persecuting spirit they have always been exercising toward one another on account of their differences of belief,—more, without a doubt, than half the preachers together, who, although they are supposed to preach love and charity, do nevertheless contend for their particular creeds, often with an unabated bitterness.

Dr. Holmes is a cheerful Christian, who believes in living on the sunny side of the house and in having all the pure and bracing air there is astir. He keeps a cheerful board, and is friendly with all the people, of whatever religion or politics. He believes in talking, too, and not in a glum silence. "Religion and government appear to me the two subjects which of all others should belong to the common talk of the people who enjoy the blessings of freedom. Fear of open discussion implies feebleness of inward conviction, and great sensitiveness to the expression of individual opinion is a mark of weakness." He starts conversation, and never allows it to drag. Neither does he miss an occasion to administer his anodyne or his tonic of wit and humor as it may be needed to correct the abnormal condition of anybody's temperament or feelings or opinion about things.

Such a good physician is an invaluable member of society. We cannot do without him. We need him to disarm us of our foolish prejudices. We get into jaundiced and one-sided ways of looking at things, and need intellectual as well as physical

treatment. In fact, it is a good thing to be jolted out of the ruts we sink into and drag ourselves along through so laboriously. Welcome a paradox, an absurdity, a joke, and a laugh.

Dr. Holmes was not pronounced as a social reformer, like most of his literary peers. He is not stirred, as were Lowell and Whittier, in anti-slavery days. He is incapable of Whittier's deep and sustained moral passion. Whittier gazed long and with solitary and anguished heart upon the suffering body of humanity chained down by social and ecclesiastical tyranny. That was not Holmes's nature, however deeply he may have felt the iniquity of any form of slavery.

But there was no more distinguished patriot than he, no more loyal voice than his in war-time. War-songs, appeals to loyalty, hymns of freedom and victory and peace, and memorials to our patriots pour forth from his kindled soul in stirring accents.

On the whole, it seems to me that the great service of Holmes to his generation—and it is a service that will never lose in value, for it has the stamp of immortality upon it—is that he clarifies for us the medium through which we look at things. He is sunshine that dissipates the pernicious miasms that exhale from our intellectual and morally perverted and unhealthy temperaments; the fresh, sanative wind that, having veered into the north-west, comes down, and clears off the clouds and lingering mists of the heart's anxiety; the morning air with sparkling dews in the grass and roses blooming out. He is the happily constituted mind that knows how to take us with our various prejudices and prepossessions, and bring us to a rational sense of things. When you rise from the Breakfast Table, where the "Autocrat," the "Professor," or the "Poet," has led the conversation, you find you can see things better and find your way about easier. The humor and the laugh have done you good. And the poems have the same effect upon you. The roguish graduate, the gray-haired boy, breaks out in sallies of affection for his comrades, in pathos, in smiles, in tears, in laughter, in holiest trust; and you see that for him as for us it is true that

"For all base lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts we can
never grow old."

His creed of life is the creed of Christian love in distinction from the creed of Christian dogmas. Like all the great American poets, he is of that liberal faith which has no creed with which to fetter the human mind, and has no definitions to enforce save such as imply that man is the child of a loving and merciful Father, who only requires of him to be loving and merciful.

"Oh that the loving woman, she who sat
So long a listener at her Master's feet,
Had left us Mary's Gospel,—all she heard,
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man!
Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What He can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces all."

For a parallel in pathos to Sterne's Recording Angel writing down Uncle Toby's oath, dropping upon it a tear and blotting it out forever, read the last stanza of "After a Lecture on Shelley," as a plea for divine mercy as against the dreary theory of vindictive wrath:—

"Breathe for his wandering spirit one passing sigh,
O happier Christian, while thine eye
grows dim,—
In all the mansions of the house on high,
Say not that mercy has not one for him!"

Or, again, in "The Promise," one of the few pieces for which he wished he might be remembered:—

"Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has sent thee wilt thou freely
give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!"

Emerson called Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this century. Every poet, at some moment, touches high-water mark. Holmes reached it in "The Chambered Nautilus." That is and ever will be classic, like Longfellow's "Resignation," or Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or Shelley's "Skylark." Toil, noble toil, and its reward in freedom, blessed freedom,—that is the ideal he sets for youth and man alike.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

What more stirring call to manhood than

"This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!
Your prophets are a hundred unto one
Of them of old who cried, 'Thus saith the Lord.'
Look on this world of yours with opened eyes
Ye are as Gods! Nay, makers of your Gods;
Each of ye break an image in your shrine,
And plant a fairer image where it stood."

An earthly voice of clearest accent is silent, the last of our great dear poets voices, upon whose accents of beauty and love and truth we have so long hung with bated breath. But his voice and all those voices so dear to us American hearts will forever echo sweet music from the celestial hills. The sounds will never die away. Listening, we shall feel the same entrancement. Softlier and yet softlier will they strike upon our ears, until at last our earthly spirits are freed to the peaceful realms whose rest and beauty they sang.

"Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies.
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!"

SAMUEL B. STEWART.

A GENEROUS FAITH.

What a noble example is that set forth in the will of the late Philander Shaw, as follows!—

At the decease of Mr. Shaw's widow, who is to have the entire income of the whole property during her lifetime, the following distribution is to be made: $21,200 is set aside for special bequests to relatives. $1,000 to the Newport General Hospital. $500 to the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston. $1,000 to the American Unitarian Association of Boston; also $10,000 in trust to the American Unitarian Association, the income of said trust to be expended in sending the *Christian Register* wherever it will be most efficacious in disseminating the doctrines of Christian Unitarianism. $500 to the same American Unitarian Association, for the purpose of supplying to all clergymen, irrespective of their denominational beliefs, the works of the late William Ellery Channing. $25,000 to the trustees of the Channing Memorial Church of Newport, to be used for the general purposes of the church, in accordance with the judgment of the trustees. $1,000 to the trustees of the same Channing Church, for the purpose of enlarging the Sunday-school library of said church. $500 to the trustees of same Channing Church, the income of said fund to be devoted to maintaining the church music. $2,000 to the trustees of the same Channing Church, the income of said fund to be devoted to the support of the poor of said church. $5,000 to the Redwood Library of Newport. $1,000 to the Newport Historical Society. $1,000 to be a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the support of the poor of Newport. The remainder of the property is to be divided into three equal shares,—one for the Channing Memorial Church, one for the American Unitarian Association, and one for the Redwood Library, which three corporations thus become the residuary legatees in three equal proportions.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 18, 1894.

The Directors of the American Unitarian Association to the Unitarian Churches:—

It was the purpose of Dr. Reynolds, the late secretary of the American Unitarian Association, to have followed the Saratoga meeting with a ringing appeal to the churches on behalf of our missionary work, which was never so pressing or so promising as now. His voice, which was just ready to have called the forward march, on a sudden fell into silence. It becomes, therefore, the sacred duty of the board of directors to speak for him to the churches,

on behalf of the work which he loved and to which they are committed.

The "hard times" have crippled us all. It was voted last year not to start any new movements. But new movements are starting themselves, springing up in spite of us, and calling for aid. Many of these are in regions unfamiliar with our gospel, and they must have nursing and guidance until they are strong enough to go alone. So much has the work grown upon us that we have had to run in debt merely to do the things that could not be left undone. This work will not and cannot stop. All over the country are open fields and material ready to our hand. We need not attack the older churches. Thousands are outgrowing them, and are looking for a religion able to command the allegiance of both heart and brain.

We have recently experienced a new birth. After years of discussion, at our recent Conference at Saratoga we have at last reached a unanimous and positive expression of our faith. We have now a banner and a rallying-cry. With the message of Jesus on our lips, we ought to call to our following all the free and reverent souls who wish to love God and help their fellow-men.

We have not yet done half we might. If only *every man and woman* in *all* of our churches would give but the little they might, we should have enough.

We appeal to the ministers to organize the work of giving, so that every individual may be *personally* approached. People will give if they can only be reached with a definite appeal for definite work.

Methods are good, are even important: but the *chief* thing is that, by *some* method, *every person in every church* shall be reached.

We need, and we expect at least, one hundred thousand dollars every year. The enthusiasm of Saratoga is not to end in cheers. It means a forward movement all along the line. Hear, then, the divine appeal that has been heard by God's faithful ones in all ages: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!"

George S. Hale, president; John D. Long, Joseph W. Simonds, Dorman B. Eaton, Daniel L. Shorey, Alva Gage, Horace Davis, vice-presidents; George W. Fox, assistant secretary; Arthur Lincoln, treasurer; Charles G. Ames, George Batchelor, Howard N. Brown, Elizabeth L. Bullard, Francis Cutting, Charles F. Dole, Samuel A. Eliot, Thomas L. Eliot, William W. Fenn, Thomas Gaffield, Sarah E. Hooper, Henry J. Hosmer, Archibald M. Howe, Arthur T. Lyman, Minot J. Savage, Henry B. Wells, Kate Gannett Wells, Velma C. Williams, directors.

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*FIRST MEETING OF THE BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.**

The first (October) meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club was held at the Hotel Vendome. About one hundred and fifty members were present. Hon. George S. Hale presided. The special guests of the evening were: Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford University, England; Rev. George Batchelor, chairman of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches; Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Howard N. Brown, and Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

In opening the after-dinner proceedings, President Hale said: We meet under circumstances of closely mingled joy and sorrow, of triumph and depression. On that Pentecostal day at Saratoga, the Antioch when all Unitarians became Christians [laughter and applause], and from that day, we should have looked forward to this occasion as one of ebullitions of joy and of triumphant recollection of the success of the meeting of our representatives.

But hardly had the sound of those tongues from heaven died upon our ears, when we were called upon to mourn the loss of the Moses who had led us toward this promised land, who longed for it and looked for it and prayed for it.

And since then, too, another name of which we were proud and have been proud for the larger part of a century, reckoned as our own by dissent, by belief, by qualities which we loved and honored. That name has passed into the domain of history, which we believe will forever record his merits and his success in the field of literature, of poetry, of fiction, and the most delicate expression of human feelings of the deepest and tenderest kind.

The speaker went on to pay an eloquent tribute to the late Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the secretary of the Unitarian Association, and called on Rev. Howard N. Brown, who presented resolutions referring in fitting terms to Mr. Reynolds's demise and the loss

* From the report in the *Herald*.

therein sustained by the Association. The resolutions were carried by a standing vote.

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, vice-president of the Manchester College at Oxford University, England, gave an interesting account of that institution, now engaged in preparing students for the ministry.

The speaker said that simply to witness at Saratoga, as he had done, the common enthusiasm that prevailed, and to see the making up of the divisions of a generation by one common profession of allegiance to the great religion in whose service they were all enrolled,—this was enough to recompense him for the time and labor of his visit.

Referring to the recent death of Dr. Holmes, he went on to remark: We in England have long learned to love Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, not only as a humorist, as a literary man, teaching with singular grace and charm and tenderness the manifold relations of life, but we have found in him also a brother in faith who was never ashamed to stand up manfully for the truth he loved. [Loud applause.]

The speaker dwelt enthusiastically on the benefit which the college drew from its American students, and expressed the hope that they would form a link to unite in still closer bonds the Unitarians of America and England. [More applause.]

Rev. George Batchelor, chairman of the new Council, next said: I went to the Saratoga Conference incredulous, downcast, looking to the West in my hopes: I came back believing, exulting, with my face to the rising sun. [Loud applause.]

And my experience was that of thousands of others. We never before had discussions without acrimony, without personalities. This time there was not one word that needed to be retracted. The next day we adopted the preamble: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man."

Those who say that Unitarians cannot feel and never say the same thing ought to have heard the shouts and seen the tears. We had won a victory. A victory over what? A victory over ourselves. The omens are good. The new watchword is, "Jesus, our leader, and victory." [Loud applause.]

Rev. John Cuckson began his remarks by saying that much of the controversy at Saratoga was a controversy over words. The prevailing feeling was that there was only an appearance of wanting to give up Christianity, and that what was needed was simply an understanding that the Conference stood loyal to Christ and Christianity.

We are one in thought, one in aim, one in purpose before the world,—not more Christians than before the Conference, but better understood by the world as such. Saratoga was simply the coming together of people of kindred hearts and generous spirits, who had not before quite understood each other.

And now, after Saratoga, what? We have a flag under which we can rally. We have found a set of principles on which we have united. What are we going to do? We have a splendid opportunity. We have a large work to do, not only in the spreading of liberal ideas, in the diffusion of religious principles, but also in the settling of some of these social and political problems which are the problems of our time. In my judgment these social and industrial questions will never be satisfactorily settled until religion is brought to bear upon them. [Applause.]

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers said: To my mind the meaning of that Conference was not that we had found some happy phrase which we should love to repeat continually, but that we had come to a point where we could rise above the words, and come to unite in the only unity possible,—the unity of spirit.

The result of the Conference was a sensible desire to make our religion felt, to take our place among the forces that are moulding this great republic. We need first the work of church extension, measuring itself not by the parish standard, but by the natural needs. We need to support the centres of our faith throughout the country.

We need men to go through the country side, wherever they can get a hearing. When we give ourselves to this missionary work, our faith will be purified.

Rev. M. J. Savage gave a brief account of the salient features of the Conference at Saratoga, and wanted to say—what he had discovered only recently—that from the first in these Unitarian Conference discussions Dr. Hale had stood for the broadest, freest, grandest, and most inclusive thought.

I cannot think, said the speaker, that these controversies have been all about names. There has not been a single man in the Unitarian denomination, to my knowledge, who has ever desired to disclaim the name "Christian."

There are two reasons why we have objected to the use of the word "Christian" as a shibboleth, as a test word. One reason is that it is too indefinite. We want a definition of statement that is positive. At last we have it. We have Lincoln's religion at last.

I am proud and glad to say that I accept the religion of Jesus. This religion of Jesus we all accept. We make a positive statement of what we are and what we mean. We are now organized around the only thing that free, intelligent men can organize around; and that is a magnificent common purpose.

It is not a creed, but the simple statement of a purpose—a purpose which is big enough and grand enough to fill our hearts with enthusiasm, and that we can work for

cordially, faithfully, and all our life long. [Applause.]

The speaker finally suggested what ought to be done in the direction of the systematic raising of money for the spread of Unitarianism. Unitarianism, said Mr. Savage, is everything, or it is nothing. I believe it is everything. [Loud applause.]

Rev. Edward E. Hale, the last speaker, referred in eloquent terms to the recent death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I think everybody in this room, said he, feels that he has lost a personal friend. That is the Boston feeling right through. But it is not remarkable or extraordinary in any sense that the great poets who have given distinction to America should have been Unitarians.

Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and Holmes were out and out, through and through, Unitarians. It is remarkable, because the poet and the prophet are always one; and you cannot have a poet who is tied in by the traditions of the past, who is looking backward, and not forward, and trying to hold the world back, as is the necessity of all the creed-bound churches. If you are going to have a poet, he must be connected with the most advanced and liberal faith. That is true of the first four of the men I have named. But, when we speak of Dr. Holmes, we speak of something more. We speak of a man who, having the remarkable hold he had over all sorts and conditions of men,—a hold which he deserves to have,—he never goes into any extended discussion of anything but what he introduces religion and theology.

I don't care which of his novels you take up: you see it must have been written by a man who had gone through the whole battle, and had handled the subject as well as any theologian here could have done. It is well that the American people should understand that Dr. Holmes opposed Calvinism, and in one of his books crushed it as I could crush an eggshell if I had it here.

He delivered a remarkable address some years ago, which our publishing board should issue as a tract; for Dr. Holmes's writings are read by all the denominations, while our tracts are only read by Unitarians. Some here will remember his extraordinary Lowell Institute lectures, when he touched on the eternal influence of religion.

There are some words of his about good Isaac Watts, and the way that man is now known as no other body of his age is known, and that his songs are repeated by babes and children long after his death.

When he said that, I could not help saying that this man, too, was going to be remembered in the same way, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years hence, in these words of his, that are going to be repeated by children and by their children's children, because this man loves God and loves man, and because he has not written anything which does not show the intensity, the purity, the reality, the eternity, of his love. [Loud applause.]

GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D.

Born in Franconia, N.H., it was as if this man had received something of the spirit of the great mountains in whose near presence the years of his early infancy were passed. Their strength and solidity, together with something of their grandeur and repose, were in his character. He was so large a man, his life was so well rounded, and his mind contained so many strongly developed qualities and traits that it is not easy to describe him, or in any brief sketch to do justice to his worth.

Taken to the city while he was very young, and when the life of Boston was on the whole much cleaner and purer than it is to-day, he grew up under the influence of a moral and spiritual culture that was wonderfully quickening and wholesome. Here was added to his vigorous physical life a natural and healthful development of mind and heart. They who knew him well during the last ten years of his life were aware that at no period of his career was the growth of his finest powers more strongly marked. A character which thus put forth fruit in old age must have been sound at heart from the beginning, free from morbid taints, and distorted by no wild fanaticisms.

Probably he was also fortunate in having had several years of business training before he decided to study for the ministry. This contact with the hard realities of business life made a good foundation on which to build the ideals of his riper years. It tended to sober and steady all his thought and to increase his respect for the standard of practical usefulness. Perhaps it deepened his instinctive habit of asking, not what would show well and attract notice, but what would stand as a genuine gain and abiding success in every work to which he put his hand.

In 1848 he was ordained to the ministry, and settled over the church in Jamaica Plain. There and at Concord till 1881 he lived the life of a faithful and conscientious parish minister. He made no wide reputation as a preacher, for brilliancy was

never the conspicuous quality of his mind. Rather an entire healthfulness of soul was his distinguishing attribute. His affections, his sympathies, his ambitions, and his beliefs were all normal and sane; and so it was not any special gift or grace that he possessed, but the man himself who won his way to the hearts of his parishioners, and grappled them to him as "with hooks of steel."

In 1881 he was chosen secretary of the American Unitarian Association. His election was not unanimous; for there were not a few who feared that he was too conservative, in temper as well as in thought, to carry that organization forward to a career of larger usefulness and power. But this fear soon disappeared as he became known in his office, and they who had voted against him were afterward among his warmest admirers and friends. The story of his administration does not now need to be told. He freely gave to the work every talent and faculty that he possessed, and there is little doubt but that its burdens much shortened his life. High aims and great practical sagacity marked all his conduct in this place; and, though there were differences of opinion as to the policy to be pursued, none who knew him could ever question his motives for an instant. If any have thought of him as meaning to be narrow and exclusive, they were simply ignorant of his spirit. He was magnanimous almost to a fault; and over the petty divisions which sometimes creep between brethren he was only deeply grieved, never angry or vindictive.

First of all, perhaps, one's impression of him gained from close knowledge was that of a large nature, generously planned,—a mind well supplied with many different aptitudes, and well lighted on its way both by noble hopes and by a genial sense of humor, which, by the way, ought to be reckoned one of the religious graces. Can any mind be called truly great which lacks the power to free itself now and then from a galling yoke by hearty laughter? The incongruous is ridiculous, and he who sees it only in its tragic aspects is afflicted with a kind of mental color-blindness which must make him sometimes an unsafe guide. Part of the complete sanity of Mr. Reynolds's mind was his enjoyment of all innocent fun.

And his hopes were those of a large-hearted man,—no projection on the clouds of class prejudice, sectarian animosity, or small provincial whims, but broad and inclusive perceptions of a possible order in human affairs whose corner-stones should be liberty, righteousness, and peace. His thought was not particularly quick in its movements, and he was not so forward as some in taking up with new causes and enterprises. Moreover, he had the kind of loyalty which a true man is apt to feel for the bridge which had once carried him safely over. But, on the other hand, his reason was never closed against any new appeal. He meant to appropriate the new light as fast as it came to him; and it is seldom, indeed, that a man of his years increases, by so much as he did, his mental stature and his breadth of view.

He would have done many things with more than respectable success. It has transpired that he was the author of unsigned articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* whose merit might warrant a prediction of literary fame. Unquestionably, if he had continued in business life, he had the ability to conduct large enterprises, and might have become a merchant or manufacturer of large means and influence. All who have listened to his addresses will agree that he developed into an unusually forceful and impressive public speaker. As to the work to which the later years of his life were devoted, perhaps it is enough to say that they who knew most intimately what means he had under his hand and with what obstacles he was obliged to contend, are best content with the manner in which his duties were discharged. They say with one voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

His religious nature was strongly based on a living trust in the eternal, ever-present goodness which rules above us all. This trust was to him the essence of religion, and so far did he carry it that he had less curiosity than most men as to the future life. He once said that he thought he could look forward to death with composure as a dreamless, never-ending sleep, if that were best in the sight of the Power that had given him life. The best would come to him and to all men at last, such was his faith; and it is the faith upon which all other faiths are built. He worked to hasten the day.

In him the religion which we possess was a great working force, and his life and character furnish one of the best examples of the fruit which this religion bears. We would fain gratify our affection for him, and our sense of obligation to his memory, by some tribute in words which should be both adequate and just. But, if the question were to gratify him, unquestionably that would be best accomplished by carrying out his unfulfilled designs, by pushing forward toward the ends he aimed at, and by faithful service of the work he loved.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

A POET OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT": FELICIA HEMANS.

I.

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."
—*Wordsworth.*

If one of the rising generation, asking who it was that Wordsworth commemorated in these lines, were told it was "Mrs. Hemans," the next question, in too many cases, probably would be, "And who was Mrs. Hemans?" Yet it is likely that few older persons are unable to remember hearing read, or being made to read, from some book of selections at school, the stirring lines beginning,—

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast";

while, to many of us, the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is mingled with early recollections of brief, melodious lyrics, set like gems among the pages of some old Christmas annual or gift book belonging to our elders (filled with verses and sketches of too fanciful a turn to satisfy the more critical and realistic taste of the present day), and bearing the signature of the English poetess who for so many years stood at the head of her sex as the sweetest singer of the romantic school. Or we may first have known her from finding "Casabianca" in some book for children, and are yet able to recall the painful thrill awakened by those lines,—

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled."

But, in either case, the name of Mrs. Hemans grew to be inseparably entwined with memories of high-souled and heroic beauty, such as no later flood of realism, or reality, can ever wash away.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793. She herself always playfully maintained that her romantic, imaginative turn had been derived from the German and Italian blood of her mother, whose maiden name of Wagner was said to be a corruption of the Italian Veniero, three ancestors of that race having become doges of Venice. Commercial misfortunes led her father to remove from Liverpool to Grwych, a secluded spot upon the coast of Denbighshire, in Wales, before Felicia was seven years old. There, in a "large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains," the future poetess passed her childhood, with the exception of two winters spent in London, when she was eleven or twelve. Adoring the wild freedom of her rural life, she pined for the Welsh hills, and the society of her younger brother and sister.* It would seem that she was never sent to school, her education being almost entirely the work of her accomplished mother, so that the talented, dreamy little girl grew up well skilled in modern languages, and a fine performer on the harp, then the fashionable instrument of the day. From her earliest years she attracted attention by her precocious mind and personal loveliness. A lady exclaimed, in her hearing, "That child is not made for happiness, I know: her color comes and goes so fast." These words haunted her for life, proving, like many a careless word, but too true a prophecy.

Yet, while almost too sensitive and highly strung for what the world calls happiness, Felicia never wearied of her untrammelled enjoyments in the realms of nature and of books. She loved to read Shakspeare, sitting alone up in the branches of an apple-tree, and once ran out by moonlight, hoping to encounter the ghost of the old Welsh

*She also had two elder brothers, to whose unfailing kindness she owed much, and an elder sister Eliza, who died at eighteen. The youngest brother became the solace of her last days; and her sister Mary Anne, afterwards Mrs. Hughes, besides setting many of Mrs. Hemans's songs to music of her own composing, wrote an interesting biography of the poetess, more copious, save in letters, than the one which the accomplished *littérateur*, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, gave to the world.

homestead, a certain "fiery greyhound," said to haunt the garden. She took a precocious interest in the history and literature of Spain, one of her own family being then absent on the Peninsular campaign. In her early teens she wrote a poem, "England and Spain," which attracted sufficient attention to be afterward translated into Spanish, though of the English original there now exists no trace. From the age of seven she had been writing verses, and at fourteen her parents rather unwisely allowed the publication of a volume which, while full of promise, was, as might have been expected, somewhat severely handled by the press. Mr. Chorley says that "an unkind review so affected her as to confine her to her bed for several days." But she profited by such severe and early discipline, for this first experience of harsh criticism was also the last.*

When but fifteen, in the first glow of a youthful beauty which faded only too early, though her great womanly attractiveness never left her, she became acquainted with Captain Hemans, a young Irish gentleman, who had served in Spain, where his health had suffered severely from the hardships of the disastrous retreat upon Corunna, and from fever. Gentle, romantic, and affectionate as she was, this most tender and womanly of poetesses proved no exception to George Eliot's maxim that "women hate war and love soldiers." Prudential reasons and Miss Browne's extreme youth caused a delay of three years in the progress of this love affair; but, in the summer of 1812, Felicia, not yet nineteen, was married. After the first year of her, as it is said, unhappy union, the corps in which the captain served was broken up; and the young couple, with an infant son, returned to the home of Mrs. Hemans's mother, in Wales. It was here, at Bronwylfa, that, in rapid succession, the four other sons of the poetess were born.

Little has been said to explain her separation from her husband beyond the fact that Captain Hemans, after about six years, thought it best to try a southern climate, and went to reside in Rome, where he remained, while keeping up a correspondence with his wife, whom he never saw again. No permanent separation was intended at the time; and no breath of scandal ever touched her name. Quietly living with her mother until the death of the latter, Mrs. Hemans had sole charge of her five boys, and undertook all their primary education, while never ceasing to write, to study, and improve herself. She made literary friends, among them Bishop Heber, then rector of Hodnet, to whose kindly advice and encouragement she owed much. She gained prizes for her poems "Dartmoor" and "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce." She attempted tragedies, but without success. Her "Siege of Valencia" may indeed take rank as a pathetic poem cast in the form of a drama; but the genius of Mrs. Hemans was too purely of a lyric order for her to excel in this, the hardest line of all. The interest of the piece centres in the fact of the young sons of Gonzalez, governor of Valencia, having been taken prisoners by the Moorish prince, who is besieging the city, and who threatens them with death unless their father will give up the town into his hands. He, of course, is firm in loyalty to his king; and the youths are executed. The chief interest is in the part of the poor mother, who vainly tries to rescue them, and who sees sons, husband, and only daughter pass away before her. It was not put upon the stage, nor is it well adapted for it. Her other tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," appeared in London, but failed, and was immediately withdrawn, though it afterward was acted at the Edinburgh theatre with applause. But, like several of Mrs. Hemans's longer works, this play is written in too diffuse a style, and would gain by compression. She herself believed her best long poem to be "The Forest Sanctuary," which is "intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest." Gracefully and melodiously written in the Spenserian stanza, there are passages in this mournful poem of retrospection which remind us of

*It is said that Miss Browne, in early girlhood, having attracted Shelley's notice by her first volume, he wrote to her, requesting a correspondence, which was fortunately declined. Readers of his many biographies will remember how one of his favorite diversions seemed to be gaining the ear of young, susceptible women, and poisoning their minds with his own wild jumble of atheism and free love.

the most beautiful outbursts of grief and anguish in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." It was begun in the autumn of 1824, when Byron's recent death in Greece had awakened a fresh interest in his memory; and, while totally free from imitation, we yet seem to trace in it the influence of Byron in his nobler moods. To the same period belongs her collection of shorter poems, "Lays of Many Lands."

It is in these, in her "Songs of the Affections" and "Records of Woman," besides in her long list of occasional verses, that we find the true power and pathos of this sweet and pure-hearted singer at their height. We are now only too apt to hear her ranked as a sentimentalist, or set down as a mere versifier, and "damned with faint praise." That the works of Mrs. Hemans do undoubtedly teem with the romanticism which was the dominant school of her day we do not pretend to deny. We may also assert that she invariably fulfilled one—oh that it were deemed indispensable!—duty of a poet, as set forth by Stopford Brooke, when he says, "Clearness of thought and words ought to be a part of a writer's religion: it is certainly a necessary part of his morality. But the poets are most bound to feel and fulfil this duty, and it is not one of the least which belong to their art and their influence." And we may also apply to her his words: "He whose eyes are steadily fixed on the beautiful always loves, and is always young."

Love for the beautiful, purity, refinement, loftiness of aim, and an unfailing tendency to uplift the souls of all who read her poetry may be claimed for Mrs. Hemans, together with a spirit

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Like too many other poets, she sometimes wrote too much, and repeated herself. Like many poets of her time, she preferred subjects from mediæval history and tales of chivalry. Nor was it possible for any one to have kept on writing, often when staggering beneath the burden of ill-health, the cold and constant pressure of affections sorely blighted in the quarter where she had expected most, and the care of a large family of boys, without occasionally falling beneath her usual level, or lapsing into a strain of what nowadays is called sentimentality. Neither is it fair to describe her as being all poetry and romance. Her letters, while often compelled to be sadly serious, are yet full of mirth. She is witty and playful, makes jokes out of her domestic troubles, and writes merry verses about small things. When, in 1828, after the death of her mother (an irreparable loss) and her sister's marriage, she quitted the beloved Welsh home for a three years' sojourn at the unattractive country town of Wavertree, not far from Liverpool, for the sake of educational advantages for her sons, she was always bravely fighting down her depression at the trials of the change, the vexations of housekeeping (to her a hitherto unknown field of duty), by persistently dwelling upon the comic side of her new surroundings. Congenial friends were not lacking; but they were outnumbered by the tribe of thoughtless strangers who flocked to gaze upon the poetess, bringing albums for her autograph, sending verses for her criticism and inspection, and bothering her in a thousand petty ways. Mr. Chorley says: "I remember once paying her a visit, when a persevering writer, personally unknown to her, had sent her a hundred sonnets, printed on separate slips of paper for inspection and approval. These had not yet been consigned to the 'chaos drawer,' as she used to call it, from which many a precious piece of folly and flattery might have been disinterred for the amusement of the public; and, as the day was windy, and the window chanced to be open, this century of choice things was flying hither and thither, much to our amusement, a miniature snow-storm, chased by her boys." No wonder she playfully besought a friend to procure for her "a dragon, to be kept in the courtyard," or that she sighed: "Oh the 'pleasure of fame'! Oh that I were but a little girl in the top of the elm-tree again!" A beautiful girl from New York, full of enthusiasm for the poetess, actually grew pale at the prospect of meeting her face to face, and said "her friends at home would think so much of her if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans."*

URSULA TANNENFORST.
Philadelphia, Pa.

* Among her real friends in America must be mentioned Prof. Norton, who, besides corresponding with her for many years, superintended the publi-

THE GENTIAN.

Months of sunshine could not wake you,
Autumn's blue-eyed, sleepy child;
Wind and bee tried hard to shake you,
But you only dreamed and smiled.

While the summer came and faded,
By the brook you slept and grew,
Till the colors all were shaded
Into autumn's golden hue.

Naught but blue could tell the story
Of the peace which filled your eyes,
When from frosty meadow, hoary,
Late you looked up to the skies,—

Saw the perfect color waiting,
Caught whole cupfuls of the blue,
Nothing on the earth quite mating,
Saved from June days, just for you.

EURETTA A. HOYLES.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF EUROPE.

WALES.

There are those who think that Wales must be tame after Italy. I did not find it so. History tells us that the English found it no easy thing to conquer Wales. Indeed, perhaps it is more nearly true to say that they did not conquer it at all. They only came to an agreement to live together on condition that the heir to the throne should take his title from the plucky little country. I suppose the rocks and rivers and mountains must have proved serious barriers to conquest. But I should think that the most nearly insuperable barrier must have been the language. Imagine the English forces mixed up and entangled in a word like this, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrndrobwlltysiliogogogoch! And this is only the name of one little town. Think of a name like that wound half a dozen times or so round the town itself, and acting as a sort of *cheveaux de frise!* One may thus get an idea of the valor of the English army that could bravely march up to the attack of such defences. It is *said* that this is the name which is in daily use by the inhabitants. If this be true, and if they pronounce it many times in a day, it must seriously cut into what leisure time is left after the necessary work of life is over. In order to save the expense of ink and type, this name, when printed, appears as Llanfair-P-G. I had the startling experience of hearing some of the people in apparent conversation. I say apparent advisedly, because, although they pretend that they understand each other, I do not believe it. They evidently think they can impose on strangers in this way.

From these incidental remarks the reader will be likely to gather that I did not entirely master the Welsh language. But, after heroic efforts, I did learn how to pronounce a few of the shorter names. I found out, for example, that the quaint and interesting town of Llangollen was to be pronounced *Thlangothlen.* So Llandudno is Thlandudno,—the *Ll* being equivalent to *Thl.*

This latter place is now one of the popular watering-places of England. Being a part of his estate originally, on this spot the town was laid out and built, and is still almost entirely owned by the Earl of Mostyn. A shallow bay, about two miles in length and curving in a beautiful crescent along its shore, is bounded by the Great Orme's head on the one side and Little Orme's on the other. These are two bluffs of singular beauty. Winding around the larger of the two is a magnificent drive, from which are gained views of ocean and valley and mountain both grand and picturesque. The edge of the bay is a fine sandy beach admirably adapted for bathing. Along the crest of the beach is a grand promenade. Next behind this and parallel with it is one of the main streets, and along this street for a mile and a half is a line of hotels and boarding-houses which are crowded in the season. Back of this still lies the town, which has grown to have a permanent population of about seven thousand. One here looks out on the Irish Sea, and in clear weather may watch the great steamers as, having left the harbor of Liverpool away to the north-east, they now sail afar, and carry one's fancy with them to almost every land.

From Great Orme one looks down on the island of Anglesey, and knows that just

cation of her works in this country, and secured for her the profits from their extensive sale. She was also in correspondence with Dr. Channing, for whom, notwithstanding great differences of opinion, she cherished the utmost reverence. She was offered a liberal salary by her admirers in Boston if she would settle there and undertake the management of a periodical; but, feeling her own unfitness for the anxieties of such a position, she declined. Whenever a case of books arrived from Prof. Norton, it was the occasion of a family rejoicing; and she used to call the fresh, piny odor of the packing-boxes "the American smell."

beyond it is Holy Island, on the extreme western point of which is Holyhead, toward which the "Wild Irishman" flies, across the Menai Strait and Holyhead Bay, as it rushes on with the last letters you have despatched to your loved ones, to catch the Ocean Flyer as it touches at Queenstown.

At your feet in another direction lie the ruins of Conway Castle. This is now a museum; but its traditions take one back to Edward, to Eleanor, to Elizabeth, the days of the conquest, and the rough fighting years that followed.

These ruined castles, by the way, are picturesque and romantic; but, as one realizes a little the life of those times, how glad he grows that they are only ruins, and that the condition of things which they represented is passed away. The common workingman in his cottage to-day has more comfort and is surrounded by more of the things which are needful to a high human life than were the richest and noblest of those days. Only the sentimental or the ignorant sigh over the departure of those "good old times." I sometimes wonder if those who are so proud of crest and armorial bearings ever stop to think that they are only evidences of the universal ignorance which characterized those times. The Indian had his totem,—snake or beaver,—to stand as the symbol of his tribe, because he was not able to express a tribal name in any other way. So, in the old days, a bush was hung out by the door to publish the fact that wine was to be had within. Or, since he could not write the words, "The White Horse," the landlord had a white horse painted as the name of his inn. In like fashion, the old lord, who could only make "his mark," adopted some device to stand as totem or symbol of his noble house. Well, there are still some snobs left who "dearly love a lord."

From Llandudno we took train (a little more than an hour) to Bettws-y-Coed. The *w* in Welsh is double *u* or double *o*, so this is pronounced Bet-oos. It is said to mean the Church in the Wood. The railway follows the windings of the Conway River through one of the most delightfully picturesque valleys I have ever seen. Bettws itself is the very poetry of sylvan seclusion and quiet. We stayed at the Waterloo Hotel. Close by, across a clear, wide stream which ever makes music over its stones as it hurries down the vale, stretches a beautiful bridge, which along its whole span, in large letters, tells the looker-on that it was erected in the year in which the battle of Waterloo was fought. To describe Bettws is no more possible than it would be to describe a rose to him who had never seen one. It can be painted, and it often is painted from a hundred different points of view by the artists with whom it is a favorite resort. One of our party placed this alongside Grasmere as one of the two most beautiful places seen in the British Isles.

Lovely drives may be taken from here in almost any direction. One leads to Capel Curig, whence, across a tiny gem of a lake, may be seen the white shape of Snowdon, distinguished as the highest mountain in Great Britain. This is not very high. Neither do some of the great paintings cover many square feet of canvas. But it is exceedingly beautiful for all that.

In another direction one drives to Trefriw. On the way is quaint, curious, old Gwydir Castle, connected with the history of the old and famous family of Wynn. The rooms are full of rare carving, old tapestry, and curiosities of every sort. Here are relics of the first James, of Elizabeth, of the Queen of Scots. Among the portraits on the walls is one at least by Lely. In the well-kept grounds are some of the finest cedars of Lebanon to be found in all England. Perhaps only those of Warwick may be compared with them. The castle is now the property of the Earl of Ancaster. The young woman who acts as care-taker told us that the earl had spent only one night there in twenty-eight years, though he visited it for about two hours some fifteen years ago. I did not wonder; for, in spite of its historic interest, almost any well-built cottage would make a more comfortable home. Speaking of him as an absentee, I was reminded of the Irishman who declared,—with a bull which would have done credit to Sir Boyle Roche,—"The curse of Ireland is its absentee landlords; and *the country is full of them.*"

I have not been fortunate enough to see South Wales, where Patti has her country home; but, if it is as fine as North Wales, I hope some day to look on its beauty. It

is indeed a fair and lovely land. And, though it were guarded by a language still more consonantal and craggy than its present speech, I should try, at least, to break through all barriers for the sake of its picturesque repose.

CHESTER, ENGLAND.

As we leave Wales and hasten toward Liverpool, we go through the old city of Chester. The mind is full of thronging memories, from the days of the old Roman occupation down to the life and work of the big-hearted Charles Kingsley, who, to my mind, was so much more than the famous cathedral in which he preached. While we skirted the river, I found the verses of Kingsley singing themselves over and over in my brain,—

> "O Mary, go and call the cattle home
> Across the Sands of Dee."

And then came the pathos of "The Three Fishers," and the figures of the three wives who stood waiting for those who were never to come back. The cathedral may become more of a ruin than is now its most ruinous part, the historic walls of the town may crumble, but the love and pity of Kingsley's words shall abide forever.

Just outside the doors of the railway station at Chester one of the party discovered a fine-looking little dog with a wide brass collar on his neck. The inscription on this collar was so unique that it is worth while to copy it:—

> "Don't dare to interfere with me,
> Or you'll find your fate in the river Dee.
> For I belong to my own Cabbee,
> And he alone is dear to me."

He made ready friends with us, but kept all his loyalty for the "Cabby," who seemed to be worthy of a love and faithfulness far ahead of much which is called human.

From the car windows as we approached Chester may be had glimpses of the homes of the greatest man and the richest man in England. One of these, of course, is Hawarden, the home of Gladstone; and the other is Eaton Hall, the country-house of the Duke of Westminster. One of these has linked his name forever with the cause of justice to a long-oppressed people. The other is perhaps the most prominent name connected with an inherited land system which is bound up with the social problems which are stirring the civilized world to its centre. In the old days the landlord had privileges indeed, but they carried with them obligations of public service. To-day a man may own miles of the richest and most crowded part of London. He may receive an income of millions, not one penny of which has he earned. And all this enormous wealth he may use practically as he pleases, acknowledging no responsibility to the public in any way whatever. There is no time to discuss a situation like this, further than to say that no society can be stable and progressive which rests on a foundation like this.

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

If you mean to visit a country, you need to know beforehand something about its history, its literature, and its art. Then you can comprehend as you look. It is said that a gentleman once, on his return from Palestine, was talking with Humboldt. The great German went on to discuss the city of Jerusalem, and talked so familiarly about its streets, buildings, and places of interest that the gentleman asked him when he was there. "Oh, I have never been there," Humboldt replied; "but I planned to go once, and so read up about it by way of preparation." And he was one of the greatest and wisest of travellers. If, therefore, you wish to get the advantages of travel, go prepared; for "to him that hath shall be given."

I think it is well worth while to go abroad, if one can, if only for the sake of the mental balance one gets in actually seeing the other side of the world. Europe is apt to be only a name to one until he really sets his foot down on its soil. There are thousands of persons in New England who do not know what the West or the United States means, because they have not crossed the continent. To say it is three thousand miles to San Francisco signifies little. But let one ride for six days and six nights; let him cross prairies or deserts wide and desolate as a sea; let him wind through mountain passes; let him see the great cities and the unfamiliar life,—then our country and its interests and resources begin to have a meaning for him.

Then it is a good thing to get rid of one's provincialism. This is not only a folly, but a danger. This has been the great weakness of France. In art, in letters, in glory, she has supposed herself to be everything. That kind of spirit does not learn anything of others until—as in the case of the Franco-Prussian War—the knowledge comes too late. It is this lesson "the Central and Flowery Kingdom" is now learning, through defeat and humiliation, at the hands of Japan.

With provincialism always goes conceit. It is very amusing to see how unconsciously a man, on his first trip abroad, sets himself up as the standard, and judges everything from his own point of view. "How odd and strange these people are!" Yes; but does it ever occur to him how odd and strange he is to them? Shall the one sparrow who has flown out of his way and finds himself in a flock of swallows condemn them all for not being sparrows? The crow thinks all his young ones swans. But he would not if he had a little more sense than the average crow. Instead of finding fault with everything in Europe which is not "like we have it at home," it would be quite as wise to see what can be learned from things which differ from ours.

Not often, but now and then, I find myself almost ashamed to be known as an American. I remember a scene in the great smoking-room of the Hotel Metropole in London. Four Americans sat around a table, with their feet upon it and chairs tilted back, in the middle of the room. Of course, this attitude is every freeman's right; and I would not presume to quarrel with it. But they were talking so loud that nobody else in the room had much opportunity either to speak or listen to any one but them. And they were "cussing"—in their own classic phrase — everything English. I was so ashamed of them and of myself for belonging to the same country that, had I been strong enough, I would have flung them through the window, and felt a holy joy in paying for all damages.

Most Americans, on their first visit to London, are astonished and a little chagrined to find how little space home affairs take in foreign papers. But a little reflection shows that these feelings are only the outgrowth of conceit. The standing of the base-ball nines, the last murder in Fall River, or the prospects of Breckinridge in Kentucky,—these are of a certain kind of interest to us; but why in the world should London get excited over them? London is still the centre of the civilized world; and London papers have a perspective that sets things in their relation and proportion as seen from her point of view. And, if we do not look quite as "big" from there as we think we ought, it may be a wholesome thing for us to learn the lesson, though it does reduce our "proud flesh" a little in the process.

But the advantages of travel are not all in the way of our getting rid of our conceit. A sober study of home and abroad will give us many just sources of content and hope.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Leaving aside all nonsense talk of "the effete monarchies of the Old World, the sober student and thinker may well be glad that he is an American, and that his part is cast in the great drama which is here to be played out. Certain people in Europe may thoughtlessly point to our labor difficulties and our political corruptions as signs of our being no improvement on the Old World. But the thoughtful students of history know better. Most of our difficulties so far have sprung from our too confident hospitality to the products of European social conditions. Made up of people from all over the world, we are not yet a homogeneous people. We have too readily admitted to a share in governmental affairs the ignorant offscouring of the Old World, —the malcontents which other nations could not endure. These things must be mended, and they can be. When we are welded—or fused, rather—into one people, and when the reins are trusted only to intelligence, there is no rational doubt that we are to lead the world. The balance of power must ultimately go with the preponderance of resources. And they—no merit of ours!—are doubtless with us.

But, just in order that we may be ready to enter on our inheritance and to administer it for the good of mankind, we need, without provincialism or conceit, to learn

all that the experience of the Old World can teach us, and be ready to better that experience.

Besides all these, I think a sufficient reason for going abroad may be found in the pure and simple pleasure of such travel. If one has earned the right to rest, or is going anywhere for a vacation, why not go abroad if he wishes to? The expense need not be much more than one would pay for similar accommodations at home. Of course, one can spend what he pleases,—if he has it. But such a trip need not be extravagant. I met on the steamer, coming home, a college student. He had spent between eighty and ninety days in visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland, to say nothing of England, Scotland and Sweden. He had been on his wheel; and the entire expense from Boston back to Boston, he told me, would be about two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Of course, he crossed the ocean in the second cabin. But this shows what can be done.

Now, at the close, I wish to mention one more advantage of travel,—to me. I met a man the other day who told me he had just completed a set of books composed of fine photographs of everything he had seen abroad. One of the finest collections of this sort I know of is owned by Gov. Ames. This is fine, and I would like such a collection myself. But I have never been able to afford it. Nevertheless, *I have my collection.* It is hung on the walls of the chamber of memory. These pictures will not fade, so long as I am mentally in a condition to care for them. I have not only the sights, but the sounds as well. I have never seen a copy, for example, of the Sistine Madonna or of Beatrice Cenci that had not lost the soul somehow in the transfer. But in this wondrous memory of mine *I have the originals.* What a pleasure these things are! How they rest me when I am weary! In the midst of my work, now and then, I stop for a moment, and listen to a lark which I once saw and heard as he rose and faded out of my sight, singing, just outside the city of Munich. I sit at my window at Interlaken, and bow myself in presence of the dazzling beauty of the Jungfrau. I walk once more round the summit of the Rigi, and see the Swiss lakes and towns at my feet, while the peaks of the Bernese Oberland cut the blue of the sky-line with their whiteness. So all I have seen is mine. And this is a possession that robs nobody else. I remember thus how beautiful and full of glory is this Old World. Then I take heart for the work of making man as fair as is his dwelling-place. And I go on toward the shadow we call death with a strong conviction that, if this antechamber is so fine, the great universe of spirit to which the dreaded Gate-opener introduces us must be glorious indeed.

M. J. Savage.

NOVEMBER.

The wan, dishevelled woods are russet now ;
But still white poplars glow with yellow leaves,
Last remnants of that wild magnificence,
Which early autumn from the frost receives.

The oaks still wear their robes of reddened brown,
Albeit their kindred leaves lie thick below ;
The wayward weeds, their graceful sprays unkempt,
In the bleak wind toss fitful to and fro.

The cheerful squirrels dart among the boughs,
The unfriended rabbit lurks in sheltered nooks,
The partridge whirrs where leafy coverts hide,
And the wild duck sails stately on the brooks.

In sunny fields the blackbirds cluster thick,
The crow still haunts the lone, deserted field;
And some belated travellers hasten on
To where fresh fields a richer promise yield.

The farm-yards all are rich with golden straw,
The cattle huddle near the fragrant stacks,
Horses run gayly in the frosty air :
No form of life the sombre landscape lacks.

O'er the wide prairie sweeps the lonesome wind,
Snowflakes fly threateningly in the chill air,
Menace of coming winter fills the world,
And o'er the heart sweep clouds of coming care.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

Columbus, Wis.

DAVID SWING.

Prof. Swing has often been spoken of as Chicago's most distinguished citizen. This is probably no exaggeration. At least, it will be denied by few that he was Chicago's first *preacher.* Indeed, there seems little room to doubt that the verdict of history will assign him a place among the five or six greatest preachers that America has thus far in her history produced.

This, however, will not be in virtue of his oratorical gifts, in the usual sense of

these words. Of such gifts he was almost wholly wanting. He seldom spoke without manuscript. He did not even read his manuscript with freedom. He made few gestures, and they were awkward. His prayers were almost inaudible; and his sermons were read with a sort of careless and monotonous drawl which, to those unaccustomed to hearing him, was far from pleasant. And yet for a quarter of a century he held not only the largest audience in Chicago (and one of the two or three largest in America), but his audience was exceptional and almost unequalled in the intellectual quality and influence of those who composed it.

What was the secret of such power? The rare intellectual and spiritual qualities of the man. His was a mind at once unique and powerful, at once richly gifted and splendidly furnished. Whether a great and profound thinker or not, he was at least a singularly fresh thinker, whose ideas on whatever subject he touched bore the impress of his own gifted mind, and of nobody's else, and seemed always like newly minted coin. His golden thought was given perfect expression, in simple but singularly picturesque, poetical, and charming language.

The spiritual quality of his thought, too, was of the highest. The religion he taught was broad, undogmatic, in alliance with all truth and all beauty, devout, sweetly reasonable. It is no wonder that such a preacher attracted a great following, and among the most thoughtful people.

David Swing was born sixty-four years ago, in Cincinnati. His father was poor, I believe a pilot on the Ohio River, but of sterling moral character. When the boy was only two years old, the father died. The mother married again, and went to live on a farm in the central part of the State, where the son spent most of his boyhood years. Thus he acquired that fondness for nature, that love of simplicity, and that independence of thought and character which a country life is so well calculated to give. He went to school three or four months in the winter, and worked on the farm the rest of the year. From a circuit-riding Presbyterian preacher, whom he always remembered with the most loving regard, he learned Latin.

At eighteen he went away to Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio. Here he underwent many hardships for lack of funds; but he pressed forward in his studies, soon attracted attention on account of his great natural powers of mind, and graduated with high honors. Among his classmates were two men who afterward rose to distinction, —Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York *Tribune*, and Benjamin Harrison, who became President of the United States.

Young Swing's first intention, on graduation, was to study law; but soon he found himself drawn irresistibly to the vocation for which nature had designed him,—the Christian ministry. And he began theological studies with that end in view. Within a year, however, he was invited by his Alma Mater to take the chair of Latin and Greek in her faculty. He accepted, and remained here twelve years. But his thought of the ministry was not abandoned. While he carried on his teaching, he did more or less of preaching, as occasion offered. At once his originality and genius as a preacher shone out, so that wherever he went he attracted attention, and drew large numbers to hear him. Various calls came to him to settle as a pastor, all of which he rejected until he was invited to Chicago in 1866, when he accepted, and at once entered upon his extraordinary career as a preacher in that rising metropolis of the West.

The church with which he settled was in the part of the city known as the North Side. When the great fire of 1871 came, his church was burned, as were also the homes of himself and every member of his society but two. His congregation rallied in a hall, in the unburned south section of the city, until their own place of worship could be rebuilt. His popularity and influence steadily grew from the first. His church was crowded. His sermons were printed by the Chicago dailies, and quickly found thousands of eager readers all over the West. Wherever they went they were felt to be unique and rare, in thought, in literary style, and in spirit. Few readers had ever seen religion presented in so winning a form. To read one sermon was to desire more.

In 1874 came the indictment for heresy by Prof. Patton, now president of Princeton University, then a very clear-headed

and very orthodox young professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago. The trial was before the Chicago presbytery. It was a battle between a poet and a logician, between religion and theology, between the spirit and the letter, between Jesus and Paul, between a forward-looking church and a backward-looking, between the nineteenth century and the sixteenth. At first the nineteenth century won: Swing was acquitted. But the sixteenth century was not to be so easily baffled. It still recognized itself as having a claim on the Presbyterian body, and would not give up until that claim was duly acknowledged. Accordingly, Prof. Patton appealed the trial to the higher ecclesiastical court, the synod of Illinois.

But Prof. Swing refused to continue the battle, and withdrew from a denomination where he had come to see that he could not be really free even if he won his case before the higher tribunal. It would be interesting, if space allowed, to recall some of the incidents of this famous trial. It attracted the attention of the whole country. Even the trial of Prof. Briggs was less dramatic. But it settled nothing. Its sole outcome, so far as the Presbyterian body was concerned, seems to have been the loss to that church of its most gifted preacher and one of its saintliest spirits. To the cause of religious freedom and progress, however, there was great gain. From that time on, for twenty years, the most conspicuous pulpit in the West was to be dedicated distinctly to a purified and liberated Christianity, cut loose from all the creedal fetters of the past.

The two young men who in the trial were arrayed against each other — Prof. Swing on the one side, and Prof. Patton on the other—were both men of signal ability, and standing at the beginning of distinguished careers. But it would hardly be possible to conceive of two men more unlike. They were as far apart in all their mental and spiritual characteristics as were their respective theologies; that is to say, they were separated by a gulf as wide as that between Calvin and Bushnell, or Augustine and Channing.

I recollect hearing Robert Collyer at the time characterize Prof. Patton very well. Said Collyer: "They tell me that Patton is a young man. It is altogether a mistake. He is very old. In fact, his age is just three hundred and sixty-five years. Do you ask how that is? I will show you. You see John Calvin was born in the year 1509, which is three hundred and sixty-five years ago. But Prof. Patton is no more modern than Calvin. Indeed, he is John Calvin prolonged on into this nineteenth century. So, then, his age is to be properly reckoned by the number of years that have elapsed between Calvin's birth and now, which is three hundred and sixty-five."

Among those who were greatly interested in the famous trial was Col. Ingersoll. When it was over, he made a characterization of Patton and Swing, which I remember got into the newspapers, and was widely quoted. It is perhaps worth recalling. Said Ingersoll: "The difference between Patton and Swing is this. If they both had been present in Geneva when Calvin burned Servetus, Prof. Swing would have put out the fire with his loving and pitying tears. But Prof. Patton would have calmly backed up to the fire, put his hands behind him, parted his ecclesiastical coat-skirts, and complaisantly warmed himself."

I do not say that this was not too severe a representation of Prof. Patton. But it is certain that he was a defender, even if he was not, as to many he seemed to be, himself a living embodiment of Calvinism,— that theological system which, without a tear of pity, could consign a lost world to an endless hell, for the glory of God. While, as to Prof. Swing, he was a teacher and himself an embodiment of the sweet religion of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus and over doomed Jerusalem, and taught men to think of God as a loving Shepherd who will not cease to search the mountains and deserts until the last wandering sheep is gathered safely into his fold of eternal peace.

After Prof. Swing withdrew from the Presbyterian body and established the Central (Independent) Church of Chicago, his popularity was even greater than it had been before. In order to accommodate the great numbers that wished to hear him, his friends built the Central Music Hall, which has ever since been the home of his large and influential congregation. In this place,

where his voice had been heard so long, his funeral service was held. The form, so well known and so beloved in Chicago, lay peacefully amid a sea of flowers, which seemed like blossoms dropped from those beautiful utterances of the great preacher in sermon and prayer, with which the whole place was redolent.

It is hardly possible to estimate the broadening, liberalizing, and sweetening influence of Prof. Swing's preaching upon the religious thought of the West. There is still religious narrowness, unintelligence, and bigotry enough, wherever we turn; but how much worse it would have been, had not his weekly sermon of "sweetness and light" been uttered to his great congregation in the capital city of the West every Sunday morning for almost thirty years, and from there been carried by the great Chicago dailies all over the land!

Though Prof. Swing never distinctly and publicly took the Unitarian or the Universalist name, yet his work was exactly in line with ours, as he well understood and freely confessed. He had taken the *Unitarian* from the beginning of its existence, and had written us very warmly and appreciatively concerning it. Through his kindness we have been able to give our readers many contributions from his pen. We print this month one of his latest sermons. None will mourn more sincerely than the readers of the *Unitarian* the death of this brilliant, noble, and beloved leader in the army of the light.

J. T. Sunderland.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The recent proceedings at Grindelwald on the Reunion of the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches, have attracted considerable attention. Some sneer at them as a pretty piece of unreality. Some gush over them with glowing feelings, as over the dawn of a millennium. Rev. Dr. Lunn, Wesleyan, their promoter, is almost carried off his feet by the emotions they arouse within him. It may at least be said of them that they are happy evidence of broader charity and larger catholicity. They enable men of different types of mind and thought to understand each other better, and that is a distinct gain. But beyond the growing sentiment which impels theologians of different ecclesiastical and doctrinal schools to be more fraternal one with another, there seems to be little substance in the business. In the narrow valley of Grindelwald, amidst beautiful surroundings, far away from the tumult of sectarian conflicts, these excellent men may sing,—

> "Names and sects and parties fall:
> Thou, O Lord, art all in all!"

But, when they return home, they find that the narrow valley of Grindelwald is wider than the ecclesiastical realm of England, and that God's blue sky is too broad for them; and they go each to his own company in "houses of God" in which not God, but man, makes and maintains sectarian divisions. The union afar is separation at home. At Grindelwald men dream their dreams, and ignore their difficulties. Not all of them, however. The Dean of Bristol spoke with refreshing frankness. He suggested that organic union might not be a blessing, and that division might be really a safeguard. He only spoke the plain truth when he declared that "reunion which demanded sacrifice of conviction was as undesirable as impossible." Rev. Dr. Berry—once invited to succeed Ward Beecher—made no attempt to minimize differences, but suggested that a conference should be held on the subject of the Historic Episcopate. What would be the use of that? Even Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who defended what he called the "Historic Episcopate," insists that reordination would be to him an impossibility. But it is beyond question that the greater part of the Anglican clergy would never consent to recognize as a minister of the Church a man who had not been ordained by a bishop; and it is equally certain that the greater part of the Nonconformist clergy would never consent to be ordained "priests" on any terms whatever.

Are the men who take part in the business altogether ignorant of history? In the time of Archbishop Tillotson, and half a century after, in the time of Doddridge, the chief leaders of dissent professed their readiness to be satisfied with a few modifications in ritual and liturgy; and the majority of eighteenth-century Churchmen

did not care half so much about such things as they do now. Yet even then comprehension was found to be impossible. Much more so now, when almost every leading Non-conformist holds that a State Church is unscriptural. Both the *Church Times* and the *Guardian* adopt the "no surrender" attitude on the vital point of Episcopal orders.

Of course, these Reunionists have their limitations to union on the theological as well as on the ecclesiastical side. Unitarians are not embraced in their charity. The door of the kingdom must be shut on them. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes disavows all desire to admit them within the fold. Mr. Hughes told the Grindelwald Conference that "one of the most singular misunderstandings that had arisen was that many devout Churchmen believed that most Nonconformists were Unitarian." It no doubt is a misunderstanding that "most Nonconformists" are Unitarian; but who is responsible for the misunderstanding? Mr. Spurgeon declared that Nonconformity was honeycombed with Unitarianism. The old form of the Trinity, the old doctrine of the fall of man, the old conceptions of an infallible Bible, of total depravity, of a forensic and substitutionary atonement, and of eternal punishment,—only here and there, in spots, are these found. Mr. Hughes went on to say that "there never was a greater mistake, and there never was a time when the Evangelical churches of this country were more free from Unitarianism than they are to-day." This is worth only so much as an individual opinion is worth; and it would be easy to adduce evidence to show that it exhibits a "singular misunderstanding" of the theological condition of the Evangelical churches. Then, with a spirit of exultation, Mr. Hughes added that, "when the great Nonconformist communities organized the Free Church Congress some time ago, they deliberately excluded the Unitarians." Mr. Hughes evidently sees in that deliberate exclusion ground for pride in what he is convinced is theological purity. Others see in it a remnant of theological narrowness, and a wide departure from the mind of the Christ, who said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

The popularity of Prof. Henry Drummond's book on "The Ascent of Man" might suffice to open the eyes of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes to the weakening of orthodoxy in the Evangelical churches. Mrs. Lynn Linton's truly feminine shriek about it in the *Fortnightly Review* will help its circulation. Mrs. Linton's loud cries of denunciation are characteristic. She declares that, whatever of originality there happens to be in "The Ascent of Man," is "lifted" without acknowledgment from the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Whatever is "false, strained, and inconclusive" is Prof. Drummond's own. That is a severe enough indictment, but the counts of it do not end there. The work, she proceeds, is a "mixture of sentimentality and science at second hand"; otherwise, "claptrap written to catch the taste of the uncritical and scientifically uneducated public." Amid all these wild and whirling accusations Mrs. Linton's penetration deserts her. See does not see into the heart of the book. Darwin's disciples could see nothing else but the struggle for life, or "Nature red in tooth and claw." They placed that aspect in view at all seasonable and unseasonable times and opportunities. Prof. Drummond admits that that conception of nature is true as far as it goes; but he maintains that it is a one-sided conception. He argues that in the same nature there is another principle, as old, as powerful, and as inexhaustible; and that is the desire and "the struggle for the life of others," or, in other words, he says altruism is not a growth of influence from without, but is a part and parcel of the universe. Wherever organized and vitalized matter exists, there is the principle of sacrifice in operation; and, the higher the order of organization, the more powerfully the principle manifests itself. The altruistic element is not, then, a minor factor of late appearance. Prof. Drummond claims for it the position of a powerful, jointly working force from the very beginning of things. In proclaiming this truth, Prof. Drummond strikes at the foundation of all orthodox teaching. He teaches that human improvement and salvation are not primarily dependent upon an addition to human nature termed "grace," supernaturally or miraculously superimposed from without. He does his best to prove that there has been no fall, in the orthodox sense, and that man's rise is inevitable and in obedient harmony with the indestructible and ever-operative energy of

Nature. In her diatribe Mrs. Lynn Linton fails to see the all-pervading purpose of the book. She ridicules Prof. Drummond's central doctrine of altruism as ruling creation from its protoplasmic base to the summit of the nineteenth-century civilization.

She says that this is a notion of sickly sentimentality to the rightly educated mind. In so describing it, she proves herself utterly unable to rightly estimate the essential teaching and dominant aim of Prof. Drummond's book,—a book which will aid Mr. Price Hughes to see that the modern Evangelical cisterns hold a water of life very different from that of the old and nearly dried up wells.

The historical method is, as everybody knows, revolutionizing the old view of the Bible. Here is the latest instance, as reported in the *Christian World*. Rev. Prof. Adeney opened the session, 1894–95, of the New College (Congregational), London, with an address on "Religion and History." The address was a very able exposition of the historical method, illustrated by the application of the process to several selections from the Old and New Testaments, cautiously conservative, perhaps, yet combining intellectual courage with soberness of judgment in a degree that one would have looked for in vain in similar quarters twenty years ago. I refer to it, however, to reproduce from the *Christian World*, in substance, some of Prof. Adeney's introductory remarks. For one thing, he presented a plea for extending the idea of the revelation of God in history to the greatest possible breadth. To think of God's manifestations in world history, he said, as local or temporary, was to reduce him to the proportions of a tribal deity. His revelation in Israel was unique, but he was in all history. The terms "sacred" and "profane" were subjective. To the profane mind the story of the Old and New Testaments would be profane: to the devout mind the history of England would be sacred. Then they needed to recognize God in the whole course of history, not merely in some critical moments. As Prof. Drummond had pointed out in his "Ascent of Man," to the man who found God only in the "gaps" of evolution the discovery of the missing links which filled up the gaps would cause him to disappear. History, as Lessing had shown, was the record of the divine education of the human race. "Open your eyes," says Prof. Adeney, in effect, "and you will see that the revelation of God is universal and continuous." We are steadily advancing toward a more precious, because a truer conception of revelation.

Mr. Gladstone's articles in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Heresy and Schism" and the "Atonement" will be familiar to my readers; for do not his words go everywhere? In a sense, they are thoroughly Gladstonian,—neither purely orthodox nor purely heterodox, but a mixture of both, and, as such, bristling with inconsistencies. His doctrine of vicarious sacrifice as rooted in human life, and as having its supreme exemplification in the self-surrender of Jesus to the cross, is one that a good many of us who are Unitarians can accept; for do we not admit that the innocent are always suffering for the guilty, bearing their sins for them, and redeeming them by tenderness and sympathy? It is the ethical view which Mr. Gladstone emphasizes, while he indignantly condemns the legal view, as if it existed only in the mind of some one preacher he once heard, and whom he scarifies. Mr. Gladstone, the theologian, descends to the arts of Mr. Gladstone, the diplomatist, when he quietly ignores the fact that this legal doctrine is the doctrine of the Prayer Book. One idea—nay, conviction—he has always held, and still holds as tenaciously as ever,—the High Church idea of a divinely instituted ecclesiastical corporation, endowed with authority to determine what is truth and what error. Dr. Vance Smith has flanked this position. In the article on "Heresy and Schism" Mr. Gladstone started with the assumption that the Church was a visible and organized body, founded by Christ to be the great standing witness in the world for him. Dr. Vance Smith challenges the whole assumption. When and where, he asks, did Christ found the Church as a visible and organized society? The word "Church" only appears twice in the Gospels; and in both cases it could only mean the "assembly," the equivalent of the Hebrew "congregation." He goes on to affirm that "no organization of any kind, forming what can be rightly termed the 'Church,' was in existence, even in an incipient state, for many years, or

rather decades of years, or generations, after Christ had passed away from the earth." Dr. Vance Smith further shows that it was the common belief of the primitive Christians that their Master would return almost immediately: men who expected this would not busy themselves with building up an organized society. Of course, he protests against Unitarians being stigmatized as heretics, especially as the New Testament nowhere formulates any standard of orthodoxy, after the manner of the London School Board. Mr. Gladstone points to the testimony of numbers. Then retorts Dr. Vance Smith, "What say you to the hundreds of millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans?"

S. Fletcher Williams.
Hackney, London.

A GREAT LAW.

"Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Love." There are some great economic laws expressed in religious literature; and they need to be translated over into the vernacular of every-day life. One of them I have quoted. Profoundly as you may study human society, you can find no wholesomeness and prosperity based on anything but the three sentiments named by Paul. At the bottom of society we must have (1) faith or confidence in each other, faith in the principles and laws of nature. (2) We must have hope in progress and our own chance for betterment. Pessimism must have no footing. (3) We must have that subtle, ever-permeating desire to help each other,—love for humanity, altruism.

As soon as Faith breaks down, we have a financial crash. Hedging and hoarding begin with greedy anxiety. The rich hedge in their holdings, cease to display enterprise, except for self-protection; and the poor classes hide away a store against worse days. The return to prosperity can only come by encouraging each other, by trusting each other, and giving to each other good ground for confidence. Threats, charges, combative combinations, strikes, have the exactly opposite result of creating distrust. All people should comprehend that the common welfare ever did and ever must depend on faith. The chief trouble at the present hour is the readiness to fall into classes, and assume or create natural antagonism. No classes exist in America except such as depend on moral character or on education or on arbitrary classification. The one essential class at each end of the bulk of humanity is a helpless, dependent, incapable waste,—a handful of rich, and a double handful of degenerate creatures, who are in no sense laborers any more than they are millionaires. They are, however, most ready to assume to be the workers,—the army of the unemployed. We have not one hour to spare on the Coxeyites, only to see that this element is not increased. What we need is to create a confidence in each other that will leave those who handle large wealth to exercise all their talent in its free and speculative use.

Then, as for Hope, the end of social organic effort should be nothing else. Betterment is our real goal, not equality. Each one's ability and freedom to move out on his own line, with his own faculties and his own training; to do better, to be better, to see better, to have better,—that is the whole of individual right and prosperity. It is not merely the equality of suffrage or political equality that is the goal; nor is it social equality; nor is the end even equal education. For common and free education, however largely it may equalize our ambitions, leaves us vastly unlike in powers and tastes. And it is very certain that the bottom of our difficulty is the fact that very commonly those means are spoken of as ends. The school curriculum is immensely at fault; for it creates ambitions more than it creates powers. The result is an uneasy restlessness. The desire is rather for equality than for betterment. But, if we even assume an absolute socialism to be established, the social residuum at both ends of society could not work in it. Such degenerates at the top and degenerates at the bottom would still be helpless. Thus all along the main line would be inequality of power.

But, as for Love, will that settle the balance of the difficulty? Mr. Kidd, in his recent volume, makes a vast deal of the accumulated altruism of the world,—the immensely increasing readiness to consider the rights and needs of all classes and all peoples. But altruism depends on egoism. Only as we learn nobly to love ourselves can we love

others. So there really can be no difficulty in social progress from any conflict of the two principles. The real interest of each one is in the interest of others. This great truth is hidden as yet by a large heredity from the brute-force ages. It is persistently thought that we can thrive only by crowding down our neighbors. We sit down at our communion tables, and rise up to elbow our brothers to the wall. A full belief in altruistic wisdom as an economic principle is not in our business life. It is not in our politics. We construct our tariffs for ourselves, and deliberately to weaken our neighbors. Mr. Kidd, in his book, insists again and again that the interest of individuals is not in social advance. There is, he says, no rational sanction for what is called social progress. He quotes Henry George to show that social progress has not advanced individual prosperity: "The interests of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic." The Founder of Christianity made no such blunder. Only in the creation of strong individuals lies any true socialism. Love your neighbor as you love yourself, was his formula. And, when we come to consider Christianity as something else than supernaturalism, and Jesus as something else than sweetness,—in fact, give him his place in social literature,—we shall feel his real greatness. I cannot love others like myself worthily when I love myself poorly. There is no co-operation like that of intensely individuated persons.

I am immensely afraid of the drift toward legislative socialism. Nothing can be made of a man till you have created in him a great egotism. What the people need is not less self-reliance, but more; less crying for government aid, less turning at the lever of legislation; to value more "each one's life sent of the universe with the tasks it offers and the tools to do them with." The keynote of salvation is, "God works in you." Therefore, work out your own salvation. So we say, Government works with you, and society in you: therefore, learn to take care of yourself. Evolution has kept two things in view, *pari passu*,—the making of man and the construction of society. For a man once made becomes thereby a social force. It is only the unmade man, or half-made man, or tenth-made man, who cannot co-operate with others. He cannot be a good citizen or a good church member. He is too bigoted, too narrow, too conceited. The democratic State and democratic Church rest on individualism, not on its suppression. Francis Abbot defines religion as "man's effort to perfect himself." Evolution pronounces religion to be an effort to perfect yourself and others. The nearer perfected, the less friction in the organism. Mobs are not made up of statesmen.

That our keener, clearer definition of ourself is first essential to altruism is seen in our readiness to take responsibility on ourselves for others. Mill says, The future religion will be shaped by the awful fact that our conduct to-day may curse or bless thousands a thousand years hence. This is no new moral conviction, but very old, as you know by the fourth commandment. All mankind is one—to the past, to the future. We are linked in destiny. So the living generation the world over cannot escape its interrelationship. The commerce of the world is one; and soon our lawmakers will find it out, and let it alone. The morals of the future will be international. We are citizens of the world. We shall learn by and by to consider the interests of all human beings without stopping at geographical limits. My fate and yours is interlinked with the cotton-spinners of Manchester, the silk-weavers of France, and the tin-miners of Wales. I am never benefited by legislation that starves my neighbor, no matter how remote he be. The final morality can repeat the Lord's Prayer without a blush: "Our Father,"—not our Father this side of the Rio Grande or our God till you get as far as Boston and New York. Into the world of trouble and problems we enter unhesitatingly on the God side, as children of God. Christianity must be put out, or individualism will go forward. It is the people's religion,—the Father and his children.

What we need is to demonstrate exactly the opposite of what Mr. Kidd affirms. We want to see that the interests of the individual and of society are interrelated and inseparable. It is for the interest of the individual as an individual to be a good member of society. The immense storage of altruism in the world, that makes a Gladstone a good deal more than an Englishman, is based on the individualism of Gladstone.

With this exposition, Love is really the third great social power. Faith, Hope, Love, and the greatest of these is Love. In reality, it is the intense adhesion to this social principle on the part of Christianity that made it a living, indestructible power. It believed in this universal moral law. This was the real heart of that Church that, to the amazement of philosophers, grew in the teeth of antagonizing imperialism, and lived in spite of their downfall. Christianity grew—outgrew all else, on the basis of the great sociological law: "Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Love."

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N.Y.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

The Universe.

How wondrous are thy works, O God,
In radiant freedom showered abroad!
Thy wondrous works, still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

The deep roar of the voiceful ocean,
The changeful billow's sleepless motion,
Even there thy sounding foot hath trod:
There goes thy march, thou mighty God!

Thy clouds o'ercanopy my way;
Thy waters roll, thy breezes play.
Thou hast engirt me with fair show
Of beauty, Lord, where'er I go.

How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
Thy lovely radiance freely poured
On this old world, still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

—*John Stuart Blackie.*

Monday.

The Over-soul.

Ever with me,—in the dawning,
In the silent, darkling night,
When the evening shadows deepen,
When the mid-day sun is bright.

Ever One, in joy or sadness,
On whose breast I may recline,
By whose hand I am upholden,
Perfect, changeless Love Divine!

Ever-present sense of Being
That informs and fills the whole,
All created things controlling,
Vast, mysterious Over-soul!

—*Mary Seabury Lothrop.*

Tuesday.

Words.

A fitly spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers:
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew,
A sweet refreshment to afford,
And virtue's strength renew.

A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart,
Thrilling its very inmost chord
Till tears unbidden start.

Speak thou, then, lovingly
Out of a Christ-like soul:
Thy words a blessed balm shall be
To make the sin-sick whole.

—*G. B. Bubier.*

Wednesday.

The Lord's Appointment.

I say it over and over; and yet again to-day
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure, in my hearts of hearts,
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day;
For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
It quiets my restless will,
Like the voice of a tender mother;
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
For only his love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me.

—*Selected.*

Thursday.

Nothing is Lost.

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray,
Unbroken line of shore; but, as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept far out into eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night,—we may not say
Just how or when or where! And then,—what then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know,—how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving hand,
And made to build again, somehow, somewhere,
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

—*Stuart Sterne.*

FRIDAY.

"Behold the Prayeth!"

Lord, how in darkness can I see aright?
Child, all the universe I fill with light:
Be true within, and truth shall cleanse thy sight.

More than all speech the silent order saith:
All laws of life are articles of faith;
Who loves and seeks for good, behold he prayeth!

—*Charles G. Ames.*

SATURDAY.

Sunrise Never Fails.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joys once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The good work of the National Conference at Saratoga, and the splendid spirit of harmony there manifested, have created a new enthusiasm throughout our churches far and wide. Many proposals have been made looking to some practical work for the extension of the Unitarian gospel, so nobly expressed in the National Conference preamble as "The religion of Jesus, love to God and love to man." Among these proposals the plan initiated by the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, and which is being followed in other societies, seems worthy of general adoption. It consists in the formation of groups of ten people, each giving ten dollars. If one hundred of our ministers, touched with such love to God as to be ripe for self-sacrifice, could each rally nine laymen to add ten dollars each to their minister's ten, the American Unitarian Society would have an immediate sum of ten thousand dollars with which to take advantage of the great public interest in Unitarianism aroused by the wide-spread press reports of the National Conference. Ten thousand dollars wisely put into the work of church extension *now* would yield a hundred-fold.

Two widely known and honored representatives of the liberal Christian faith have died since our last issue,—David Swing, the great Chicago preacher, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the eminent scientist, the brilliant man of letters, the last of our five great poets whose writings have lifted the literature of our young republic up to the level of the best of the Old World. Of Prof. Swing we speak on another page, and also allow him to speak for himself through a noble sermon. Of the witty, wise, genial, and altogether incomparable "Autocrat," against whose autocracy no one has ever been known to rebel, we publish an interesting essay from the pen of Rev. S. B. Stewart.

A question that is already occupying much attention in Chicago religious circles is, What will become of Prof. Swing's church, now that the great and winning religious teacher who created it, and held it together for twenty years, has gone? It is known that he himself felt much apprehension regarding its future. Circumstances seemed to him to make it necessary for his church to remain independent; but he did not believe in independency, and did not hesitate to say that he regarded it as a source of weakness, and not of strength, and wished he and his church were connected with an organized denominational movement. The grounds for such a feeling are easy to discover. Isolation in this world is never strength. Men are made to co-operate, and only thus find their largest and fullest life. The same is true with churches. Prof. Swing himself associated freely with Universalists and Unitarians, and did not hesitate to express to us his hearty sympathy with our religious position. Indeed, no reader of his sermons, especially during the later years of his life, could fail to see that in thought he was with us wholly. He probably would have joined us but for the peculiar character of his church. It was made up largely of persons who had followed him out of the Presbyterian body, not pri-

marily because they did not love Presbyterianism, but because they loved him. These people had never associated with Unitarians or Universalists; and, when later, under the teaching of their broad and liberal minister, they grew to accept the faith of Unitarians and Universalists, they only very imperfectly recognized the fact, and were not prepared themselves to take either of these names. We are disposed to think it was a mistake on Prof. Swing's part that he did not do more to bring them to a consciousness of where they stood in the theological world and in what directions lay their natural affiliations. If he had taken pains to bring them into connection with an organized body of churches, their future as a church now would be much more assured. This is the weakness of ultra independency, —it must organize around a man. As a consequence, when the man dies, the organization has very little power to persist.

We are glad to receive information that Rev. T. G. Milsted, who has recently returned from an extended tour abroad, is undertaking to establish a new Unitarian church in Chicago still further north than Unity Church. This is an important and fast-growing section of the city, with a population that is already large, and composed for the most part of an excellent class of people. Mr. Milsted's acquaintance with the field will give him a great advantage in undertaking such a movement, while his proved ability and wisdom will give him the confidence of the people. There is abundant room for the proposed new society without interfering with any existing church.

In this connection we wish to call attention also to another field for a new Unitarian church in Chicago, even more promising than that on the North Side: it is the region at the south, in the vicinity of the old World's Fair grounds, the parks and the university,—an immense region, extending from Kenwood on the north to Woodlawn on the south, and from the lake shore on the east to State Street and beyond on the west. Already it has a population of 75,000 or 100,000, nearly all American, and largely of persons who own, or soon will own, their homes. It has the immense advantage, too, of having better connection with the central or business part of Chicago, through elevated, electrical, and other railway lines (owing to the location of the World's Fair here), than any other equally distant section of the city. There is no Unitarian church here, and only one Universalist. It is far removed from our two South Side churches, the Messiah and All Souls'. The region is fast filling up. We ought to establish a church here without delay. It is rare that so favorable an opening presents itself in any of our cities. It is a question whether there is not also a fine field for a new society on the West Side, in the vast new region beyond the Third Church. A new and vigorous church at the south and another at the north would greatly strengthen our cause in Chicago; and, if to these a third could be added at the west, then Unitarianism would begin to have a fitting representation in this great central city of the nation.

From no source do we receive warmer congratulations over the outcome of our late Saratoga Conference than from our Universalist friends. The broader and more forward-looking men of the Universalist Church have long believed that the mission of the two bodies is the same. But they have been puzzled and grieved over the tendency appearing in certain Unitarian quarters to surrender the Christian name, and even to revolt against a declaration of a theistic purpose. This has done not a little to hinder that fraternal co-operation and that growth of confidence between the two bodies which is so desirable. But now that the Unitarian denomination, through its largest and most representative national organization, has declared itself with such crystal clearness of statement and such overwhelming unanimity and enthusiasm as a Christian body, having for its aim the promotion of "the religion of Jesus," our Universalist brethren are prompt and warm in their expressions of gratification. The greatest barrier to fraternization and co-operation between the two bodies has now been taken away.

Two or three years ago a more zealous than intelligent orthodox minister in Oakland, Cal., made himself ridiculous by lead-

ing an attack upon Prof. Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, because in his natural science classes he taught the doctrine of evolution. The result was a great public discussion of the subject throughout the State, and such a general support of Prof. Le Conte as will make any benighted opponent of evolution in the future think twice before venturing to attack an adherent of the doctrine in the State University or elsewhere.

Recently word has come to us that there is similar trouble in the University of Texas. Indeed, the Adjunct Professor of Biology, Dr. Edwards, has been compelled by the regents of the university to resign because he was discovered to be teaching the dangerous doctrine. The good people of Texas could put up with a good deal, but not with any "science, falsely so called," which taught that possibly the world may not have been created in six days, and that the countless species of plant and animal life on the planet possibly may not have come into being in the precise manner described in the Genesis story. As one of the daily papers at the capital of the State elegantly expressed it: "The mind of the common people of Texas is wonderfully set and united on the verity of the old Bible as she stands in the King James version. The least hint that anything is to be taught in any school that will unsettle the faith of their children in the good old Bible doctrine of the creation of matter, the origin of life, and the descent of the race from Adam and Eve, without going any further back in the pedigree, will raise the 'Old Henry' and wake the reptile that sleeps on the log in the sun with pious fathers and mothers all over the State." Well, it seems that Prof. Edwards's dreadful offence resulted in raising the "Old Henry" and "waking the reptile that sleeps on the log in the sun with pious fathers and mothers"; and, as a consequence, the offending professor, and two or three others who shared his views regarding evolution, have taken their departure to regions where piety is illuminated with a little more intelligence. Meanwhile, as the *Popular Science Monthly* says, "the sufferer is the State, which condemns its young men either to listen to antiquated and utterly inadequate discussions of biological questions in the State University or else to go abroad for the knowledge which is denied at home."

We are glad to be able to announce that Rev. W. I. Lawrance has arranged to devote his time to the excellent home missionary work of extending the circulation of the *Unitarian* and the *Christian Register;* and we hope that his efforts will meet with cordial support.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The following is from the *Pilgrim Teacher* (Congregational House, Boston):—

"If the primary department could only have a session for the very youngest of its members during the morning service, it might greatly increase its numbers and efficiency. There are mothers who would then bring their little ones with them when coming to church, knowing that they could take them home after the service is over, and that in the mean time they would be well cared for. Some mothers will not send their children at the noon hour; some believe that the church and the Sunday-school are together too wearisome for such wee folks; some do not themselves come to church because they have no one to leave their little ones with, and will not take them. A session, then, of the primary department for the smaller children during the preaching hour would be likely to be welcomed by many parents. Such a limit of age can be placed as not seriously to interfere with attendance upon the primary department at the regular Sunday-school hour. Let the experiment be tried. If it should practically amount to nothing more than a morning nursery, it would still be worth while."

The editor evidently has not heard of some of our Unitarian experiments in this direction. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Portland, Ore., writes to me that his kindergarten Sunday-school, held in the chapel at 11 A.M., is very successful. Parents having children between the ages of four and six are cordially invited to take them to this little gathering, while the parents themselves attend the church service. In Chicago Rev. W. W. Fenn is pursuing the same plan. The kindergarten class, as it is called, assembles at eleven o'clock, and is taken in charge by a trained kindergarten teacher. The parents are supposed to be listening to the preacher and participating in the service at the same time in another

part of the building. No doubt, many more such instances will be heard of soon.

"What shall we Do with the Sunday-school?" by Rev. Edward A. Horton, is the latest tract, No. V., in the series for free distribution, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The object of this tract is to face the difficulties which now attend successful Sunday-school work, and is an effort to solve the problem in a certain degree. The two requirements elaborated in each case are adjustment and discrimination.

"What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school," by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, is tract No. IV. in the same free series. This is an admirable and inspiring essay on the chief lines of activity along which Sunday-schools should run. Both tracts will be supplied in any number to schools and individuals on application by person or by mail without cost.

The current lesson leaflets in the one-topic graded course for the second year are now published up to No. X., inclusive. The subject for the year is the "Life of Jesus." It will be remembered that last year's subjects were from the Old Testament, and the third year will be upon the "Teachings of Jesus." These on the Life of Jesus are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton for the Intermediate, and Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford for the Advanced. They are proving very popular for Sunday-school work through the West and East. Price 50 cents a hundred, both grades printed together.

The Primary grade of the above-mentioned course consists of Mrs. J. C. Jaynes's picture leaflets with conversation and text on the same subjects as in the Intermediate and Advanced. These were issued some two years ago, but have been somewhat revised. Price per set of 36 lessons, 15 cents a package, postage not paid.

There was no Christmas Service issued last year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, but a new one is now ready for the coming Christmas. It contains five carols, with responsive readings and devotional exercises. The composers of the music are Mr. Hubert P. Main, Miss Sara J. Lincoln, with arrangements, by Mr. E. H. Bailey, from Schubert and Koschat. Words by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Sunday-schools will find the music bright, easy to learn, and expressive. Price 5 cents a copy, $4 a hundred.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society was able to report at the annual meeting in Newport a very gratifying financial record the past year. A larger number of Sunday-schools and churches have contributed the past year than ever before in any one year in the history of the society, and a larger sum has come from donations than was received last year. In view of the hard times, this is encouraging. Yet this organization needs much more money, if it would carry out the plans which it has on hand. The directors are grateful for the loyal and generous support thus shown, but there is still a large number of churches and Sunday-schools who do not remember the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society with a donation.

Miss Lilian F. Clarke has prepared a little pamphlet entitled "Jesus in the Temple." Miss Clarke has set forth this event in an attractive description. There is more or less dispute with regard to the accuracy of the record of this transaction; but Miss Clarke is fully convinced that it is substantially correct, and that our glimpse of Jesus in his twelfth year, as given in the gospel, is historically reliable. Copies of this pamphlet may be obtained at the Sunday School Society rooms, at 2 cents a copy, or 50 cents a hundred.

The Worcester Conference, a large and important one, is always attentive to the subject of the religious and moral education of the young. Its programmes bear witness to this fact. The autumn meeting in Octotober considered these subjects: "The Sunday-school an Opportunity," essay by Rev. Edward Green of Petersham; "What the Sunday-school should Emphasize," by Rev. John M. Wilson of Hudson; "Some Timely Words in Relation to the Sunday-school," by Mrs. Charles Colburn of Hopedale; "Children's Theology," by Miss Lydia Bell of Worcester. This is the way in which conferences can help to keep interest quickened in those quarters from whence we must draw our supply for the future church.

In *Our Church Home* we find the following paragraph, no doubt written by the editor, Rev. L. G. Wilson. It touches an important subject:—

The success of any Sunday-school depends upon the loyalty of its members. Headaches, the time of lunch or dinner, "company," the desire to go to ride, indolence, and moral indifference—superficial and unworthy reasons, all of them—are the obstacles to a constant and devoted attention to the Sunday-school, nine times out of ten. How can we expect the children to be true and sincere if, concerning the highest and best things, the parents are negligent and untrustworthy? It should be taken for granted that, as often as Sunday comes, the children are to be gathered in the church for religious instruction and devotional inspiration. EDWARD A. HORTON.

Reputation is what men and women think of us: character is what God and angels know of us.—*Thomas Paine.*

GUILDS.

A suggestion comes from Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., of Millbury, Mass., that the young people's societies would find a profitable series of subjects in such a passage as the fruitful twelfth chapter of Romans. For each evening there could be a little sermon, based upon a verse or part of one. Turn to the opening of the chapter, and see how many sermons are at once revealed in the kernel: "The Mercies of God," "Your Bodies a Living Sacrifice," "Holiness," "Acceptableness to God," "Reasonable Service," etc.

The list of subjects and leaders has come from Northfield, Mass., arranged for a period extending from September 23 to June 30. There are many leaders, though the minister, Rev. George F. Piper, is to conduct meetings interspersed among the rest, at which Mr. Lyon's "Study of the Sects" will be used. Altogether this must make a very interesting year. Some of the subjects besides the sect topics are "The Love of Nature," "Promptness," "Cheerfulness," "Self-control," "Patriotism."

We learn that the guild at Concord, Mass., has started upon its new year with great promise. New names are added; and there is an exceptional proportion of young men, they furnishing nearly half of the list of leaders. A few evenings are to be set apart for visiting ministers. The guild is surely doing wonderfully well, and must be of great service in the church, which as yet has no minister. We instance some of the subjects, which in general cover weekly meetings from October 7 to May 26: "National Conference," "What can we do for Temperance?" "Children's Mission," "Phillips Brooks," "Andover House," "The Power of the Passive Element in Life," "Mozoomdar and the Brahmo-Somaj," "Thou shalt say, 'No,'" "Money: Its Uses and Influence," "She hath done What she could," "Is Morality Enough?"

The president of the Alliance, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, would call attention to his change of residence. His address is Unity Church, corner Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place, Chicago, Ill. He urgently requests all young people's societies to send to him items about guilds for publication in the *Unitarian* and *Our Young People*. Let every guild send at least its list for the year.

B. R. Bulkeley.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society held at Saratoga on September 27 was perhaps the best it has ever had, both as to the enthusiasm shown and the strength gained by the society.

The meeting was held in the New England Congregational Church, to which we received a cordial invitation. Addresses were made by Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, Rev. S. H. Camp of Brooklyn, Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, and also by Rev. Father Conaty of Worcester. Our space will not admit of even brief abstracts of these addresses; but they may be found in the *Christian Register* of October 25, where also a full report of the meeting has been printed. Suffice it to say that the addresses were full of earnestness and enthusiasm. Mr. Carpenter's encouraging words, bringing us a greeting from our sister society, the Essex Hall Temperance Society, were followed by Father Conaty's stirring appeal, by which the audience was deeply moved. We owe a special word of thanks to Father Conaty. He came to our meeting at the suggestion of Dr. E. E. Hale, always our stanch friend; and, though he had addressed the Conference that same morning upon "The Roman Catholic Church and Temperance," he gave us a wonderfully vigorous and searching speech, which found many a conscience and touched many a heart. Mr. Camp and Mr. Gannett added to the earnest enthusiasm we all by that time felt; and it was little wonder that we gained seventy-five new members for the society. The one regret was that the meeting could not have been held in a larger church, or as an integral part of the Conference itself, so that two thousand, instead of two hundred, persons might have been reached. We felt most grateful, however, to the minister and committee of the Congregational church for the welcome given us, and hope that they may have a church twice as large for us next time.

The following are the officers elected at the meeting: president, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, Boston; vice-president, William H. Baldwin, Boston; secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, East Lexington; treasurer, Frank B. Thayer, Boston; Directors: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain; Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. Lyman Clark, Andover, N.H.; Rev. James De Normandie, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. J. L. Marsh, Saco, Me.; Mrs. M. F. W. Homer, Belmont, Mass.; Miss Mary O. Rogers, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Abby C. Woude, Neponset, Mass.; Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago, Ill.; Walter H. Evans, Montreal, P.Q.; Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. W. I. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. W. G. Eliot, San Francisco, Cal.

By a change made in the constitution of the society, provision has been made for life members; and we earnestly recommend this opportunity of helping the society to our friends. The payment of twenty-five dollars, within five years from the date of the first payment, will entitle any one to a

life membership,—a privilege which we hope a good number will embrace, not for their own sakes indeed, for we can offer no special inducements, but for ours; that is, for the sake of the good work their gifts will enable the society to do. One such membership was received at Saratoga.

May others follow!

The society rejoices in the gift of a thousand dollars from Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weis of Dorchester, which amount will stand as a memorial to their son, Richard C. Weis, a loyal member of our society and a devoted friend of temperance. It is not the generous gift alone that causes our satisfaction, but chiefly the friendship and devotion to our cause, out of which it has come. We recall the honest purpose and manly independence of the young total abstainer whose name will thus be kept in sacred memory. We recall the ancient saying that "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years: an unspotted life is old age."

Such was the life, we believe, of Richard Weis, unspotted, pure, upright, true, loving; and this makes us the more ready to accept for the work of temperance education this gift of money, which, we understand, represents not only the kind thought of his parents, but his own industrious and honest toil, and which, we believe, he would gladly have us use for this end. It will be known as the "Richard C. Weis Memorial Fund."

The Unitarian Temperance Society will soon be incorporated under the general law of the State of Massachusetts. Henceforth, therefore, its business meetings will be held annually in the city of Boston, in the month of May. The condition of membership will remain practically the same as now, and the new by-laws will be based upon the present constitution.

The Women's Alliance passed the following important resolutions at its business meeting at Saratoga; and we hope to call the attention of all Post-office Mission workers and of every Branch of the Alliance to them:—

"Whereas we, members of the National Alliance, realizing the tremendous evils caused by intemperance, feel the pressing need of temperance education and reform, and

"Whereas we believe that a special duty in this regard rests upon women, and that a special opportunity awaits them,—

"*Resolved*,—

"*First*, That we recommend this subject of temperance as one eminently suitable for the earnest consideration of the local Branches of the Alliance in their Religious Study Classes or at their regular meetings;

"*Second*, That we recommend to the branches of the Post-office Mission the use of carefully selected temperance leaflets or tracts, to be sent to correspondents asking for them, and that we recommend the use of the circular recently prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society, offering such publications to correspondents;

"*Third*, That we urge our members everywhere to interest themselves more earnestly in the temperance question, by becoming members of the Unitarian Temperance Society or some other, and by helping in every way consistent with their conscientious judgment the temperance cause."

A circular will be prepared, explaining this opportunity of doing temperance work and offering the society's tracts for Post-office Mission use. A list of our publications will be ready for use at an early date, which list may be sent to correspondents with the offer to supply their needs. We rejoice in this opportunity of co-operating with the Post-office Mission in its noble work, and hope that, with the Unitarian word, many a temperance word may also go forth.

All ministers having a tract table, a "Church Door Pulpit," may have temperance leaflets, etc., for the same on application to the secretary of the Unitarian Temperance Society, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Subscriptions and membership fees may be sent to Mr. Frank B. Thayer, treasurer, Parker House, Boston.

LITERARY NOTES.

Roberts Brothers will soon publish two important religious books; namely, the fourth volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel" and Harnack's "History of Dogma."

It is announced that Archdeacon Farrar has long been at work upon a book to be called "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," which, it is expected, will be ready for the public before the holidays. It will be profusely illustrated.

"Fischer's Album of Sacred Solos for High Voices." Embracing compositions by Gounod, Saint Saëns, Curto, Beltjens, La Hache, Wiegand, etc. Published by J. Fischer & Brother. New York. Price $1.25.—This is a good collection of sacred music from standard composers.

The proceedings at the Bryant Centennial Celebration at Cummington, Mass., are to be printed in book form.

A nearly full report of the recent memorable meeting of the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga was published in the *Christian Register* of October 4 and 11, and a large edition of the same was printed for the purpose of supplying the churches of

our body with copies for general distribution.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication in book form of Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science," which has been appearing chapter by chapter for several years past in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

A volume entitled "Life and Letters of Whittier" is passing through the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. We are also to have later a volume on Whittier in the "American Men of Letter Series."

We mentioned last month Rev. Charles G. Ames's new book, "As Natural as Life," published by James H. West. It is composed of four sermons, entitled "As Natural as Life," "Self-preservation," "Heartache and Heart's-ease," and "Numbering our Days." These sermons are characterized by all the sweetness of spirit, breadth of outlook, keenness of insight, delicacy of humor, and glow of prophetic fire of Mr. Ames's very best utterances. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, with red edges. Published by James H. West, Boston. Price 50 cents.

"In Love with Love" is the title of a very attractive little book by Rev. James H. West, made up of "four life-studies" of "Transfigurations," "Serenity," "True Greatness," and "Our Other Selves" (J. H. West, Boston, publisher. Price 50 cents). These papers (we suspect they are sermons: they are certainly good enough to be) are of very rare ethical and spiritual quality. One will look far before he will find more earnest utterances, or those that appeal with greater power to men and women, not only "in love with love," but in love with truth and duty and their fellow-men.

The Ethical Societies of this country have set out to publish a series of ten selected addresses or papers each year, in pamphlet form, illustrative of the Ethical Culture movement. The general name of "Ethical Addresses" is given to the series. We have received the following: "What do We Stand for?" by Felix Adler; "An Ethical View of Life," by W. M. Salter; "What does it mean to be Religious?" by W. L. Sheldon; "The Religion of Ethical Culture," by M. M. Mangasarian; "Morality: What does it mean?" by W. M. Salter. Published by S. Burns Weston, 118 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Yearly, $1; single numbers, 12 cents.

Our English Unitarian friends are publishing three or four series of excellent tracts and sermons for popular use. Of the series entitled "Tracts for the Times" we have received the following: "The Place of Jesus of Nazareth in Modern Religion," by R. A. Armstrong; "The Limits of Compromise in the Profession of Faith" and "Eternal Punishment," by G. Vance Smith. Of the series called "Pages for Religious Inquirers" we have received: "The Personality of God," by James Freeman Clarke; "Christianity as Christ preached it," by Dr. Brooke Herford; "The Atonement in Connection with the Death of Christ," by Dr. F. H. Hedge; "Eternal Punishment," by Stopford A. Brooke; "The Person of Christ," by William Gaskell; "Fallacious Ideas of Sin and Salvation," by Samuel Charlesworth; "Old and New Motives in Religion Contrasted," by T. R. Slicer. Of the "Essex Hall Pulpit Series" we have received: "Life and Peace in the Spirit," by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter; "Is thine Heart Right?" "The Day of Pentecost," by L. P. Jacks; "The Underlying Verities in Religion," by C. J. Street; "The Sympathy of God," by R. A. Armstrong; and "The Immortality of Man attested by Christ," by J. H. Thom. These are all published by Philip Green, Essex Street, London. Price one penny each.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

God in Christ. Sermons preached in Bedford Chapel. By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Philip Green. Price 5 shillings.

The Flying Halcyon. By Richard Henry Savage. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper. 50 cents.

The Disappearance of Mr. Derwent. By Thomas Cobb. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper. 50 cents.

Lourdes. By Emile Zola. Neely's International Library. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Price $1.25.

As Natural as Life. Four Sermons by Charles G. Ames. Boston: James H. West. Cloth, red edge. Price 50 cents.

In Love with Love. Four Life-studies by James H. West. Published by the author. Price 50 cents.

The Strike at Shanes: A Prize Story of Indiana. Published by the American Humane Education Society. Boston. Paper. 10 cents.

Pamphlets: New Testament Narratives of Jesus, by George M. Harmon; Credulity and Scepticism, and Influence of Creeds on Character, two sermons by J. H. Whitmore; Religious Education, a paper read before the New York Unitarian Sunday School Union, by Thomas W. Butts; The Guide to Lasting Happiness, by Christopher Hoffmann, translated from the German by W. F. Schwilk and S. B. Howe; The Universal God, by John Page Hopps; Historians of Judaism in the Nineteenth Century, by E. Schreiber; Mental Evolution, by George W. Cressey, Ph.D.; The Religion of Love, by Rajnarain Bose, Calcutta, India; The New American Church, by J. B. Turner; Good and Evil, by Aaron M. Crane; Sixty-ninth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston opened the Unity Club lecture course for the season on October 15, speaking on "What O'Clock is it in Religion?" He had a packed church, and made a powerful impression upon his audience composed largely of students of the university. Mr. Savage spoke here last year upon "Religion and Evolution," and made a similarly strong impression. Hundreds of the young men who heard him will never forget his lectures. It is to be hoped that he will come here every year: there is probably no other so important an audience in America for him to speak to.

The church work is opening here this fall with great promise. Mr. Sunderland's congregations are large. Mrs. Sunderland's Bible class has an attendance of two hundred and fifty.

Baltimore, Md.—The Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will hold its tenth annual meeting on November 13 and 14 at the First Independent Christ Church. The opening sermon on the evening of November 13 will be given by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, Eng. A most attractive programme is arranged for the following day.

Boston, Mass.— Local pulpits, conferences, clubs, and all denominational gatherings have been occupied with reports from the National Conference at Saratoga. The good work of the Conference, and the splendid spirit which prevailed there with such unanimity, have created great enthusiasm here. It is probable that Unitarianism never before had so popular and wide a hearing. The Boston *Daily Herald* of October 1, in one issue, had no less than eight separate articles relating directly to the Unitarian Church. One was a column leader summing up the notable work of the Conference. Six others were reports of sermons, as follows: "Unitarian New Departure," by C. G. Ames; "Unitarian Christianity," by J. Cuckson; "What it is to be Liberal," by C. W. Wendte; "Greatest Day in Unitarian History," by Frederick B. Mott; "Simplicity in Worship," by A. D. Mayo; and "In the Beginning," by M. J. Savage; while the eighth article was a very full review of Dr. J. H. Allen's book, "The Unitarian Movement." It is surely pretty good evidence of healthy life in any religious body when it can occupy so much precious space in a popular daily paper.

—The funeral services of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at King's Chapel were exceedingly simple, while impressive. The painless passing of the great poet from earth's low-vaulted temple caused a peculiar and poignant grief to every citizen of Boston; for to us he has been a presence, a figure, a soul-lit face, carrying into our busy city life the purity of a saint, the uprightness of a stoic, the insight of a poet, the fearlessness in utterance of a prophet. He looked into Boston hearts, and probed our weaknesses; but how gently! Doctor he was,—not of medicine only: doctor of body and brain, sense and soul. No wonder people flocked to him. His prescriptions were carried into every home, and read over and over. They were written in no mysterious symbol, but in happy anecdote and sparkling poem and tender tale.

Chelsea, Mass.—On Sunday, September 30, an able review of the doings of the National Conference at Saratoga was given from the platform of the First Unitarian Church by Miss Margaret B. Barnard to an interested audience.

The Unity Club of the church offer for 1894–95 an attractive entertainment programme, and a study in American history, covering the period of the War of Independence and the formation of the government. The basis of this course will be Fiske's "American Revolution" and "The Critical Period of American History." A reception and its first entertainment, on the evening of October 3, forecasts a pleasant and profitable season.

Chicago, Ill.—Nearly three years have passed since the experiment was made in the Church of the Messiah of discontinuing the Sunday-school, with various classes, and substituting the Children's Church, in which all the children of the church between the ages of six and sixteen meet to receive instruction from the minister. In attempting a hitherto untried plan, many difficulties were encountered, not all of which have been overcome; but success in most directions has been so marked that none of those best acquainted with the work of the Children's Church wish to revert to the old system.

The undertaking for this year is to continue the course of Christian history from the close of the New Testament record down to the time of Channing. Obviously, only the barest outline can be given; but it is hoped that at the end of the year the children will have in mind a few clear, accurate lines of historical progress which will serve as basis and incentive for further study. Moreover, by employing the picture method, which proved so successful last year, we hope to inspire a liking for art, to make the children acquainted with a few good paintings, and to teach them how to look at a picture intelligently.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, whose society have recently built a pretty stone church, is pushing forward his work with his usual strength and en-

thusiasm. The Rocky Mountain Conference held its annual meeting with this society last May, and was most hospitably entertained.

Concord, N.H.—Rev. F. L. Phalen has issued a very interesting leaflet for distribution among members of the society and their friends. Upon the first page is the "Bond of Union":

"In love of the truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Unanimously adopted by the society, April 9, 1889. "Let none be strangers in our church. Every person who desires to get good and do good is welcome. We invite to our work and worship all who are in sympathy with our ideas and purposes."

The leaflet contains the new preamble to the constitution of our National Conference, recently adopted at Saratoga, followed by a few inspiring words and helpful suggestions from the pastor:—

"This preamble has now become the banner-word of Unitarianism. It is a positive and luminous expression of our faith and freedom. Its enthusiastic adoption by the National Conference marks an epoch in the history of the Unitarian Church.

"A new chapter of progress and missionary enthusiasm is opened. Our fellowship feels the impulse of new life and strength. Let us all work loyally together, and hold aloft our splendid banner of love to God and love to man.

"Do not hesitate to invite people to attend your church. If it is helpful to you, it may be to your neighbor. Freely ye have received, and freely ye should give."

Rev. F. L. Phalen, Mrs. Howard Kimball, and Miss Harriet L. Huntress were chosen by the Sunday-school as delegates to attend the annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, to be held at Newport, R.I., October 24 and 25.

—The programme of the Concord Branch of the Women's Alliance for 1894 and 1895 is as follows: Topic for study hour, "The Religious Life." October 5, reports from Saratoga, Miss Mary A. Downing, Mrs. F. L. Phalen; November 2, The Dignity of Labor, "Shoes and Sermons," Mrs. Frank Cressy; December 7, One Vine, Many Branches, "Spokes and Hubs," Mrs. Ezekiel Morrill; January 4, Love, "Duties and Privileges," Mrs. John S. Hubbard; February 1, Cheerfulness, "Is this a Vale of Tears?" Mrs. W. D. Chandler; March 1, The Little Things of Life, "A Little Man savin' Souls,'" Mrs. George L. Williams; April 5, annual meeting, informal tea.

Denver, Col.—Services at Unity Church were resumed September 2. The condition of the society is now most encouraging. The yearly rental of seats has been raised about eight hundred dollars, and three hundred dollars have been raised as a special contribution for immediate needs. The congregations are large, and the people are enthusiastic. All the various enterprises of the church are in full operation now. A library and reading-room has been started, which will be open every afternoon and evening. The historical section of the Library Circle is studying the Constitutional History of the United States. A sewing-school has been opened in one of the poorer sections of the city, and the movement promises to extend into the public schools. The girls in the school are furnished with materials, and taught to cut and make garments.

Des Moines, Ia.—On the afternoon of September 28, at the home of the Misses Stowe, 722 Sixteenth Street, occurred the first meeting this year of the women's section of the Des Moines Unity Club. The spacious parlors were filled with bright and happy faces of the members and their friends. The Des Moines Unity Club is one of the most prominent, intellectual, and influential clubs of the city. The Unity Club is the outgrowth of the Unitarian Aid Society. During the year that Miss Ida Hultin, who is so favorably known and endeared to the Des Moines public, presided in the pulpit of the Unitarian church, she expressed a desire that this club should be formed into a literary society, and be known as the Women's Section of the Des Moines Unity Club, the object of which should be to promote the mutual mental and moral growth of its members by such a course of study as to increase the good fellowship and social life of its members through frequent contact, and to advance the interests of the Unitarian church by doing whatever work its members chose to do. This club opens the years of 1894–95 under the most auspicious circumstances, and has elected the following officers: president, Mrs. Lulu Cranston Harvey; vice-president, Mrs. Julia M. Hunting; secretary, Miss Emily Stowe; treasurer, Miss H. Stowe; club reporter, Miss Katherine Gue.

Greeley, Col.—Rev. C. H. Wilson is adding greatly to the strength of the church here. He is becoming one of the most popular ministers of this thriving city, situated in one of the most fertile sections of the State.

Iowa.—The following resolutions were passed by the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches at Sioux City, October 11:—

"1. *Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. Grindall Reynolds American Unitarianism has suffered the notable loss of one of its most earnest advocates and consecrated workers; that to his integrity and geniality of character, to his tireless energy, and to his fidelity to duty during many years as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, we are indebted for much of the

strength and prosperity of liberal religion. To this service the Iowa Unitarian Association would hereby bear its grateful testimony.

"2. *Resolved*, That in the death of David Swing this association feels the loss to high scholarship in the pulpit, and also the departure of a man of peculiarly gentle and kindly courtesy in social life. To the city where his weekly discourses spread intellectual and moral light, to the church which he served, to the companions who loved him, we offer respectfully our sincere sympathy in their loss of the citizen, minister, and friend.

"3. *Resolved*, That in the death of Sylvan Stanley Hunting this association sustains a loss not only in its work, but personal to every member thereof. Mr. Hunting continued to the end both to inspire the work and to help the fellow-workers of this association of which he was one of the founders and incorporators, and which he never ceased to build up. With a high religious fervor he sought in all ways to spread noble, simple, pure, and rational religious thought; and by his life he commended what by his words he taught. To his wife and family we offer our sympathy in the loss of this true man whom we with them honor and love."

LEON A. HARVEY, *Sec'y.*

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Sunday, September 30, was celebrated at the Unitarian church here as the eightieth birthday of Mrs. L. H. Stone, the remarkable woman who has done so much for education and for liberal thought in Michigan. Memorial services in honor of the dead are not uncommon. Here were held such services in honor of the living. The pastor, Miss Bartlett, preached on "The Permanence of Human Influence." There were short addresses delivered and letters read from friends abroad.

Lexington, Mass.—The Cambridge Association assembled at Rev. C. A. Staples's October 1 instructed the scribe to send a letter of condolence to the family of the recently deceased Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and to spread the same upon the records of the association. A vote was passed to express the thanks of the brethren for the long and faithful service of Rev. B. R. Bulkeley as their scribe, and their best wishes for his success and well-being in his new sphere of labor. Rev. Hilary Bygrave was elected to fill his place.

Madison, Wis.—Rev. W. D. Simonds, recently pastor of the Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek, Mich., has accepted the call of the Unitarian church here, and begins his work at once.

Minneapolis, Minn.—At the Minnesota Conference of Unitarians held in the First Unitarian Church in Minneapolis the following resolutions were adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That this Conference learns with deepest regret of the death of Rev. Dr. Reynolds, for eleven years secretary of the American Unitarian Association, whose earnest work for the Unitarian cause has been productive of so much good in all our country, and that it desires to put on record its great appreciation of the fairness, the faithfulness, and generosity of his action in all the interests of the churches herein represented.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be sent to *Unity*, the *Unitarian*, and the *Christian Register* for publication."

The conference, although only of two days' duration, was full of interest, and we hope productive of good. Sunday morning, in Rev. A. W. Gould's sermon on "The Future of Religion," was given the hopeful outlook and uplifting. Sunday evening gave added zest to the desire of co-operation in the liberal churches, the meeting itself giving evidence of the possibility in the fact of a platform meeting of a Unitarian conference being held by invitation of the pastor in a Universalist church. The closing words by that pastor, Rev. M. D. Shutter, were some of the strongest of the evening for the maintenance of harmony and helpfulness between the two bodies.

The sessions of Monday were truly conference meetings. The reports of the morning from ten churches and twelve missionaries showed how much work there is to be done, also the need of men, women, and money to do that work which is continually opening before us.

One afternoon session was devoted to Sunday-schools, and was made interesting by its informality, which brought out suggestions from many of those present.

The ladies of the First Unitarian Church were most generous in their hospitality, and made ministers and delegates feel entirely at home. Many voiced the sentiments of all when they said, "It is good to be here."

Only those attending a conference can know of the good things said and done. The reports, like this one, are only testimonies to the friends of the cause that we are earnestly working in our several ways for the uplifting of humanity.

H. G. PUTNAM,
Sec'y of Minn. Conference.

Montpelier, Vt.—Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and heterodox, high and low, rich and poor, crowded the vestry and parlors of the Church of the Messiah on Thursday evening, to congratulate Rev. and Mrs. J. Edward Wright upon the eighteenth anniversary of their marriage. The occasion also celebrated the rounding out of a quarter centennial of Mr. Wright's pastorate in Montpelier; and the people of the village, irrespective of rank or creed, improved the

opportunity to grasp the hand of the pastor and his estimable wife, and to bid them "God-speed" as they pass the portals of the second quarter of a century of their work. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johonnott assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wright in receiving, and introduced those who were not personally acquainted with them. Their duties were more honorary than laborious, however, as there were few in the great company whom Mr. Wright at least could not call by name. The vestry where the reception was held was very prettily trimmed; and in one of the parlors and on the stage a portion of the large and costly collection of foreign views gathered by Mrs. Wright during their stay abroad was shown, and was greatly admired. Nearly, if not quite, all the clergymen in town were present, with hundreds of others not members of that church or congregation. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and one long to be remembered.

Oklahoma City, O.T.—From this-far-away frontier city there comes to us a bright and earnest little paper called *Our Mission*, which announces itself as "the co-adjutor of All Souls' Unitarian Parish." It is full of clear and pointed reading matter, well calculated to make men think. We wish a hearty God-speed to Brother Rogers in his double work of pastor and editor in his promising new field.

Sacramento, Cal.—Rev. T. J. Horner has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Society. At a meeting of the trustees, held September 24, the resignation was reluctantly accepted. Resolutions were adopted expressing appreciation of Mr. Horner's services to the church and to the liberal faith during the past two years, a deep sense of personal esteem and sympathy with him and his wife, and desiring for them both all prosperity and happiness in new fields of labor.

Salem, Mass.—The East Church rejoices in the erection of a new chapel in the rear of the church. Rev. E. D. Towle, the pastor of the East Church, is giving a series of popular talks on Sunday evenings on "Old Testament Subjects in the Light of Modern Thought."

—The Salem members of the Younger Ministers' Association invited the association to hold its annual meeting at the Barton Square Vestry on Monday, October 29.

—All our churches are beginning the season's work with good spirit.

Spokane, Wash.—Several new features of a missionary character have been introduced by the Spokane society that promise well for the spread of our gospel throughout our distinctive territory, Eastern Washington. The current sermons of the pastor are published in attractive pamphlet form, and are reaching many minds not within reach of the spoken word. Interested friends in outside towns are extending their circulation. Also, in addition to our Post-office Mission and "Church Door Pulpit," a neat cabinet containing Unitarian literature has been placed in the post-office lobby; and a large amount is being taken by those who need the enlightenment. Another enterprise that promises good results, indirectly, to our cause is a "Sunday vesper service" held each week at four o'clock in a central and prominent hall. The service is intended to continue only one hour, and consists of orchestral and vocal music, responsive Scripture, an elocutionary reading, and short address on some topic of religion or reform. The attendance has increased from the first. Last Sunday more than five hundred persons were present. These methods and activities have increased the interest and attendance at our regular church service.

Spokane, Wash.—Rev. A. G. Wilson, pastor of the Unitarian church, has begun a semi-monthly issue of his sermons in pamphlet form, to be continued for a part of the winter, and, if subscribers enough can be obtained to pay the expense, then to be continued permanently. Price five cents a copy. The subject of the first issue is, "The End of the World: When and How Jesus will come."

St. Louis, Mo.—The Church of the Messiah opened on September 9, after the usual vacation of two months. Two weeks later the pastor, Dr. Snyder, left the city to attend the Saratoga Conference, where, owing to illness at home and abroad, he was the sole representative of the church. During the month of September we lost an old and respected member of the church, Mrs. Noah Dean, whose faithful and quiet attendance will be missed this winter from the sewing meetings and other places where there was need of willing hands for the work.

On the 17th of October the Eliot Society will resume its regular meetings. The Sunday-school of the church has secured the efficient services of Rev. Mr. Porter as superintendent. It is exceedingly gratifying to have so able a man willing to take up this branch of the church work, which has devolved for several years upon the pastor. This, added to the regular work of the pulpit, has been felt to be more than just to Dr. Snyder.

The Mission Sunday and day school of this church is in a flourishing condition; and, with the return of our people from their different summer resorts, we look for renewed zeal in all the various branches of church work for the approaching winter.

Rev. Mr. Cheney from Memphis preached October 15 for us, and made an earnest appeal for the establishment of Unitarian churches throughout the South, and looks forward hopefully to the time when we shall worship in one catholic church for all men.

Wilmington, Del.—The *Morning News* of October 15 prints a sermon of Rev. A. T. Bowser on "The Church of the Future," based on the religion of Jesus.

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The Primitive Gospel and its "Life of Jesus." An Essay read before the Ministers' Institute, October, 1890. By S. R. CALTHROP. 49 pages. Paper, 25 cents.

The Problem of the Fourth Gospel. The Question of its Origin Stated and Discussed. By Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. 70 pages. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 25 cents.

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